



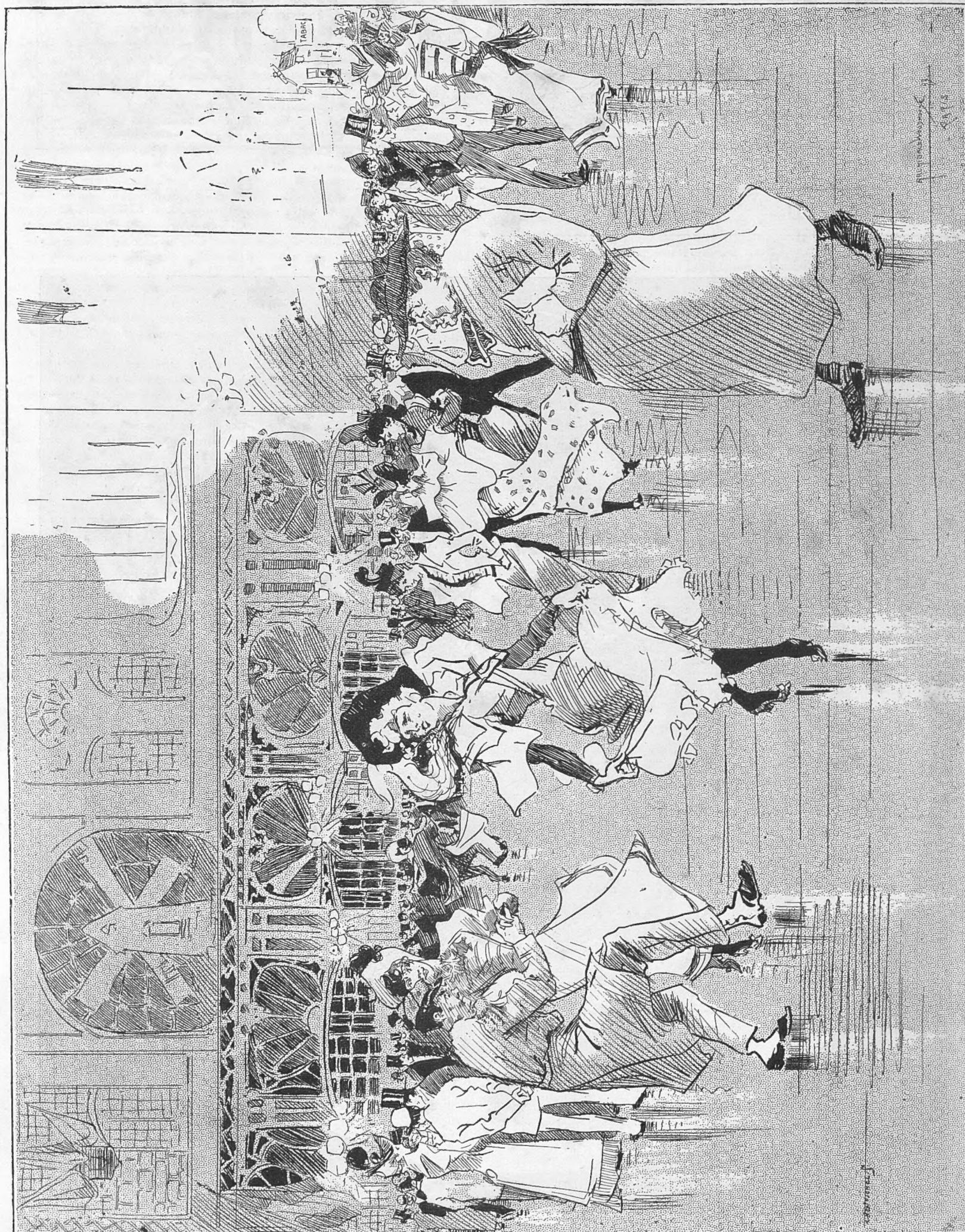
No. 80.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



LOVE'S LETTER.
DRAWN BY ROSIE M. M. PITMAN.



MISS ENID ERLE.

Miss Enid Erle, who looks so delightful in her Greek dress, is a young actress whose abilities so far counterbalance her inexperience that when she appeared in the luckless play, "A Comedy of Sighs," some of the critics, even the most exacting, praised her acting and found in her signs of great promise. In her Greek dance she fascinated everybody by the grace of her movements and posing. Her appearance in Dr. Todhunter's play was her *début* as a professional, though she has acted before



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the public with success in difficult parts as an amateur. That she is young, still in her "teens," Somerset House will tell you; that she is pretty, you can see with "half an eye" from her photograph; that she has brains the followers of Lavater can tell from her likeness; that she possesses a strong dramatic instinct the critics declare. Ladies young, pretty, intelligent, and possessed of strong dramatic instinct are so rare on our stage, or any other, that Miss Enid Erle may justly hope to win her way to the front.

A BANK HOLIDAY IDYL BY 'ARRY.

Can yer forgit that bloomin' August night,
Houtsdie the 'bus, ridin' down 'Ighgate 'Ill?
I tried so 'ard to tell 'ow love did fill
My 'ole 'eart for yer; lor, the words was right,
And comin' pat to arsk yer "Yus or No,"
When that conductin' image 'oller'd "Whoa!"

All right: 'e pulls 'is bell, and horff we goes,
And once agin I tried them words to speak.
Can yer forgit, dear, 'ow agin yer cheek,
As we jerk'd on them trams, I 'urt my nose?
I thought I 'ad it right, all straight and plain,
When you call'd hout, "Ain't that a drop of rain?"

And then I gits the gingham fairly set,
Your old gel in the mornin' made me take;
I only tuk it, Lizer, for yer sake,
For fear yer bran' noo feathers shud git wet.
We sat up close, I didn't mind the toff
In front of hus, when, bump! the wheel comes horff.

And when I felt yer—though yer was so shy—
'Ang on my shoulder with them little 'ands,
I whisper'd, "Lizer, dear, you understands,
I loves yer; there, my little gel, don't cry."
And while they tinkered hup the bloomin' 'bus
I spoke them words that made a pair of hus. W. C. F.

THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

V.—LADY AMATEURS.

When we number among our lady amateurs the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, we may fairly wonder that photography is not more generally popular than it is among the women of Britain. The Queen is not a practical photographer, but she is a constant patron of the "black art," is one of the best and most considerate of sitters, and is reputed to have the finest collection in the world of portraits of celebrities. Altogether, our royal ladies are very kind to photography, and are in no way responsible for the fact that among ladies generally it is a very neglected art. Why this should be it is difficult to say, for the photographic hobby seems eminently suited to women of leisure and refinement. It offers ample scope for the display of taste and artistic feeling, and owes much of its success to the very qualities—care and neatness—in which the ladies are specially strong. In *genre* work and figure studies woman's natural talent for draping, arranging, and harmonising fabrics is almost indispensable, while in the designing of backgrounds and surroundings for such work woman's taste is most valuable. Probably this is why many of our best women workers confine themselves almost entirely to *genre* and figure work. Such is the case, and I trust that the successful pictures reproduced will inspire others to take up what is a most enjoyable hobby. The work is not difficult to learn, and, in spite of the general opinion to the contrary, it is not necessarily dirty. Everything is so simple that the whole art and practice can be learned without a personal instructor, and the applications of photography, both as a means of pleasure and profit, are almost infinite.

The number of successful lady amateurs, absolutely, as well as in proportion to the total number of amateurs, is much greater in the United States than in Britain, and I shall have to mention and reproduce examples from the work of several American ladies. The place of honour, however, must be given to neither Briton nor American, but to the Countess Loredana da Porto Bonin, who admittedly holds a unique position. This lady's work was first seen in England at the International Photographic Exhibition held in Liverpool in 1891, and the way in



THE SERVANT OF THE CROSS.—THE COUNTESS LOREDANA DA PORTO BONIN.

Photographed by Magnesium Light.

which it was received may be gathered from the remarks made at the opening dinner of the exhibition by two of the judges. Mr. H. P. Robinson, the best known of photo-critics, congratulated the exhibition committee on having unearthed much new work, and especially



TEMPTATION.—THE COUNTESS LOREDANA DA PORTO BONIN.

on having unearthed a new worker, whose work marked a distinct and decided advance in art photography. Colonel Gale, another of the judges, endorsed Mr. Robinson's remarks, and said that the Countess Loredana's photographs would be a perfect revelation to English students, as they rendered "expression" in such a perfect manner as no other exhibitor had ever rivalled. Such praise is praise indeed, and such work has, naturally, been much admired. Besides "expression," the pictures have the quality of humour, rich, but not forced, and are almost faultless in composition and lighting, without any trace of artificiality or the painful consciousness so common to photographers' models. A great deal of this is due to the fact that the Countess acknowledges the limitations of her art and of her sitters, and confines her efforts to depicting the life of the people as it really is, without any wild flights of fancy. Another fact in favour of the Countess is that her pictures are all taken by magnesium flash-light, which prevents the necessity of the "smile-and-look-pleasant" effort to maintain a fleeting expression for a length of time. The flash-light exposure is so brief that after the poses are arranged in such a picture as "The Schoolmaster" the models may practically be allowed to laugh and chaff each other as much as they like, without the necessity to "Keep quite still, please." The technical difficulties in the way before the flash-light was mastered must have been great; but, once mastered, it becomes a most valuable aid in securing life and character in the pictures.

Turning to the United States, where successful women photographers are more numerous, the pride of place as an artistic worker

must be given to Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, of Chicago, whose sitters are generally children, posed to illustrate some child's story or fairy tale. A very beautiful book of photogravures from Mrs. Bartlett's negatives was published for sale in the Children's Building at the World's Fair, and has run through at least two large editions. It is entitled "Old Friends with New Faces," and consists of groups of children illustrating familiar nursery rhymes. The principal figure in most of the work is Mrs. Bartlett's son, a beautiful boy with a keen eye to business possibilities. He does not think that sitting for his portrait is any great fun, so refuses to do it unless bribed, and the fees that he demanded for the numerous sittings involved in the preparation of "Old Friends" amounted to sufficient in the aggregate to buy a bicycle on which he had set his mind.

WHAT MAY SAID TO DECEMBER.

Old December in his dotage
Tottered down the hill one day,
Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage,
Came a-courting little May.
May was busy in the dairy,
Old December said "Good day!"
Thought she looked just like a fairy,
Told her not to run away.
"Prithee, dear, do you remember
What I said on Christmas Day?"
But May laughed at old December,
Said she'd taken it in play.
"Nay, I meant each word I uttered
Underneath the kissing-tree."
"Do you like your parsnips buttered?"
Little May asked quizzingly.
"Child, I wish for one brief minute
You would try to serious be—
'Twas your mother did begin it
When she told me you were free.
From that day you had a lover—"
[Here he fell on gouty knee,
Nearly knocked the milk-pail over!]
"Do not laugh, dear—I am he.
"Of my wealth you'll be partaker,
I can't spend it all myself;
Lands have I, full many an acre—"
"Please, Sir, put this on the shelf."
"Child! my wishes are your mother's—
She has settled it herself—
She loves me beyond all others:
Think of her, you thoughtless elf."
"That I will," said May, "for, really,
I don't care for lands or pelf,
And, as mother loves so dearly,
She may marry you herself!"

MARK AMBIENT.

IDLE HOURS.—THE COUNTESS LOREDANA DA PORTO BONIN
Photographed by Magnesium Light.

EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETTS. At 8, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME; and at 10.50 LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.30.

O LYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA.
2000 PERFORMERS. LOVELY BALLETTS. CHARMING MUSIC.
TROOPS OF CAMELS, MULES, DROMEDARIES, HORSES, &c.
MOST MARVELLOUS SHOW EVER ORGANISED IN ANY COUNTRY OR AGE.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAUX.
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUN.).
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.
REALISTIC PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Open 12 to 5 and 6 to 11 p.m.—Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.—Admission Everywhere (including Reserved Seat), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (hold Six), £3 3s. Seats from 3s. may be booked at Box-office or Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinées to seats above 1s.

Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PORPSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations. Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	8 40	10 30	11 35	1 45	3 55	4 55	7 17	9 20			
London Bridge ... ,	6 45	... 10 25	11 40	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25	9 25		
Portsmouth ... arr.	9 0	10 51	1 5	2 16	4 23	6 39	8 56	7 38	10 25	11 42	
Ryde ... ,	9 55	11 55	1 50	3 0	5 10	7 30	7 40	8 35	... ,		
Sandown ... ,	10 45	12 28	2 29	3 37	5 46	8 19	9 24	... ,			
Shanklin ... ,	10 51	12 36	2 36	3 45	5 52	8 25	8 30	... ,			
Ventnor ... ,	11 4	12 49	2 50	3 35	6 6	8 39	8 39	9 40	... ,		
Cowes ... ,	11 23	1 15	3 17	4 27	6 37	7 55	9 7	... ,			

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 7, 8, and 9.—SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from VICTORIA 8.25 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from KENSINGTON (Addison Road) 8.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from LONDON BRIDGE 8.30 a.m., calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; also from LONDON BRIDGE 9.20 a.m., calling at East Croydon. Returning from Brighton 6.10 and 7.25 p.m.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS, at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class only, will leave LONDON BRIDGE 9.55 a.m., and VICTORIA at 10.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Returning from Brighton 5 and 5.55 p.m.

PULLMAN FAST TRAINS (First Class only), from Victoria 10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning from Brighton 5.45 p.m.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and certain intermediate Stations, as per handbills.

LEWES RACES, AUG. 10 and 11.—A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from LONDON BRIDGE 8.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon (East); from VICTORIA 8.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class, will leave LONDON BRIDGE 10.25 a.m.; VICTORIA 10.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

SPECIAL TRAINS, at Ordinary Fares, return from Lewes, First, Second, and Third Class, from 5.15 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

FREQUENT EXTRA TRAINS, First, Second, and Third Class, between Brighton and Lewes.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and certain intermediate Stations, as per handbills.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST TICKETS, at Reduced Fares for all classes by all Trains to South and North Devon, and North Cornwall Coast, Boscastle, Tintagel, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Bude, Clovelly, Plymouth, Exeter, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Seaton, Lyne Regis, &c.

Also to South-West Coast—Weymouth, Bournemouth, Swanage; and to Isle of Wight—Ryde, Cowes, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Yarmouth, Totland and Alum Bays. Tickets available for return within two months, but may be extended by extra payment.

To EXETER in 3½ hours; PLYMOUTH, 5½ hours; ILFRACOMBE, 6 hours; BOURNEMOUTH, 2½ hours; SWANAGE, 3½ hours; WEYMOUTH, 3½ hours; RYDE, 2½ hours; YARMOUTH, 3 hours; VENTNOR, 3½ hours. Fast Trains leave Waterloo Station for EXETER and WEST OF ENGLAND at 5.50, 9, and 11 a.m., 3 and 5 p.m. The 5 p.m. does not convey passengers to North Devon Stations.

For BOURNEMOUTH and WEYMOUTH at 5.50, 6.50, and 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 2.15 (for Bournemouth only), 2.25, 3, 3.10, 4.55, and 5.50 p.m.

For SWANAGE at 6.50, 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, and 4.55 p.m.

For ISLE OF WIGHT, via Portsmouth, at 6.45, 9.5 a.m., 12.15, 2.45, 3.40, 4.10, and 5 p.m. Also via Stokes Bay at 5.50, 7.55, 11.15 a.m., 2.25 and 3.10 p.m. Also via Lymington and Yarmouth at 5.50, 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 2.25, and 4.55 p.m.; and via Southampton, for Cowes, &c., at 6, 7.55, 11.15 a.m., 12.50, 3.10, and 5.50 p.m.

PULLMAN CARS for Bournemouth run in the 9.15, 12.30, 2.15, and 4.55 Trains. First-class lavatory accommodation in principal Trains.

Any information can be obtained on application to G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Via Weymouth and the Shortest Sea Passage. **EVERY SATURDAY**, until further notice, **CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS** will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from PADDINGTON at 9.15 p.m. for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. **RETURN FARE, THIRD CLASS** and Fore Cabin, 24s. 6d.

8, 10, or 17 Days in NORTH WALES.

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS to SHREWSBURY, ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, RHYL, LLANDUDNO, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY, until Sept. 29, **CHEAP EXCURSION** Trains will leave PADDINGTON STATION at 8.10 a.m. for SHREWSBURY, Oswestry, Borth, ABERYSTWYTH, Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Blaenau Ffestiniog, DOLGELLY, BARMOUTH, Harlech, Criccieth, RHYL, LLANDUDNO, Conway, Bettws-y-Coed, Bangor, CARNARVON, Llanberis (for Snowdon), &c., returning on the following Monday, Week or Monday fortnight.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and Lists of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings in Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall can be obtained at the Company's Stations and at the usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS TO SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST (L. & N.W. & CAL. RAILWAYS) ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE FROM LONDON TO ABERDEEN AND THE DEESIDE, THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY, AND THE CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

CORRIDOR TRAINS, WITH REFRESHMENT AND DINING CARS ATTACHED BOTH FOR FIRST AND THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS, BETWEEN LONDON AND EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The following ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation. First and Third Class by all Trains—

WEEK-DAYS.

Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	A					
London (Euston) ...	5 15	7 15	10 0	10 30	2 0	7 50	8 0	8 50	9 0	10 0	12 0	0
Edinburgh (Princes St.)	3 55	5 50	6 20	8 18	10 57	See	See	6 30	...	8 55	12 22	
Glasgow (Central)	3 45	6 0	6 45	8 18	10 45	Note	Note	6 40	9 14	12 27		
Greenock	5 39	7 22	7 40	9 52	12 9			7 55	10 38	1 40		
Gourock	4 45	7 33	7 50	10 12	12 18			8 5	10 47	1 50		
Oban	8 40	4 45			9 25	12 14	...	2 38	6S25
Perth	5 45	7 55	12 22	5 30	5 40	7 55	11 25	3 20		
Inverness, via Dunkeld	7 15	8 35	6 10	0 40	10G40	2 40	...	2 0	6 20	
Dundee	9 5	10 15	3 7	7 50	7 50	11 40	...	4 50		
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 30	7 35	1 35	6 5	10 5	Note.
Ballater	9 45	9 45	2 10		
Inverness, via Aberdeen	8 10	1 35	1 35	6 5	10 5			

Passengers arrive Greenock at 9.39 and Gourock at 9.48 p.m. on Saturdays.

G—After Aug. 10 arrive Inverness at 11.5 a.m.

The 7.50 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run until Aug. 10 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The Highland Company will take this Train forward specially from Perth in advance of the mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

* On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9, and 10 p.m. Trains from Euston do not convey passengers to Stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

+ Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. S—Saturdays only—Friday night from London (Euston).

A—The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 Night Train will run every night (except Saturdays).

A direct connection is now given with the 8 p.m. from Euston to Ballachulish and Fort William by steamer from Oban.

On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. Train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with lavatory accommodation are run on the principal Express Trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved sleeping saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the Night Trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m. until Aug. 10, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this Train.

Additional Trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above Trains.

For further particulars see the Companies' time-bills.

FRED HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

August, 1894.

GREAT NORTHERN AND EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE TO SCOTLAND—VIA FORTH BRIDGE.

EXPRESS TRAINS from LONDON (KING'S CROSS).

Special and Additional EXPRESS TRAINS to Edinburgh, Oban, Dundee, Perth, Aberdeen, and the North. Train service from July 1, except as below.

Third Class passengers by all Trains.

	A*	A	A	A	B	C	D E	F
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 0	10 35	2 20	7 30	8 0	8 30	10 40
Edinburgh ... arr.	3 5	6 30	8 45	10 50	4 5	4 25	6 0	8 47
Glasgow ...	5 15	7 55	10 25		5 55	7 55	10 10	
Craigendoran Pier (for West Coast Steamers)	5 34		7 31	7 31	8 50	11 19
Oban	8 38	...	4 45		9 25	9 25	12 14	4 48
Perth	5 58	8 0	10 30		5 25	5 33	7 40	10 50
Dundee	6 10	8 10	10 35		5 46	5 46	8 50	11 18
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 30		7 35	7 35	11 0	1 55
Ballater (for Balmoral and Braemar)	...	9 45	9 45		9 45	9 45	2 10	4 50
Inverness	6 10		10 40	11 5	2 40	6

A. On Week-days.

B. Until Aug. 10, inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. This Train will be in direct connection with a Special Express from Perth, which will be run throughout in advance of the mails, conveying passengers for Stations north of Inverness. Time for breakfast at Perth. Saloons, sleeping and ordinary carriages for Perth and the North by this and other night Trains.

C. On Week-days (Saturdays excepted; it will, however, be run on Saturday, Aug. 11) and on Sundays.

D. Week-days and Sundays.

E. Not run to Craigendoran Pier, Oban, or Ballater on Sunday mornings.

F. On Week-days, but the Train on Saturday nights will not run north of Berwick.

* Will go through to Oban until Aug. 31 inclusive.

It is expected that the North British Company's new West Highland line between Glasgow, Helensburgh, and Fort William will be opened early in August. Tourist and other through tickets will be issued.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, North-Eastern Railway.

August, 1894.

ABERYSTWYTH AND CARDIGAN BAY (NORTH WALES).

Bracing Air, Grand Scenery, excellent Sea Bathing, good Fishing and Hunting (Foxhounds and Harriers), Perfect Sanitary Arrangements, with abundant Supply of Pure Water from Plynlimon. Delightful Coaching Excursions.

"Scenery which has no equal in the United Kingdom."—The Sketch.

Express Trains, with Through Lavatory Carriages, leave London (Euston) daily for Cambrian Line. 6½ hours' journey to Aberystwyth during the season.

Weekly and Fortnightly Tickets every Saturday by 8.15 a.m. Special from Euston and 8.10 a.m. from Paddington to Aberystwyth, &c. Fares, 2s. and 2s. 2d.

A FAMOUS MILLIONAIRE VISITOR.

A CHAT ABOUT THE GOULDS.

Mr. George Jay Gould, the owner of the American cutter *Vigilant*, which he has in a most sportsmanlike manner brought across the Atlantic to meet the English cracks on their own cruising grounds, is

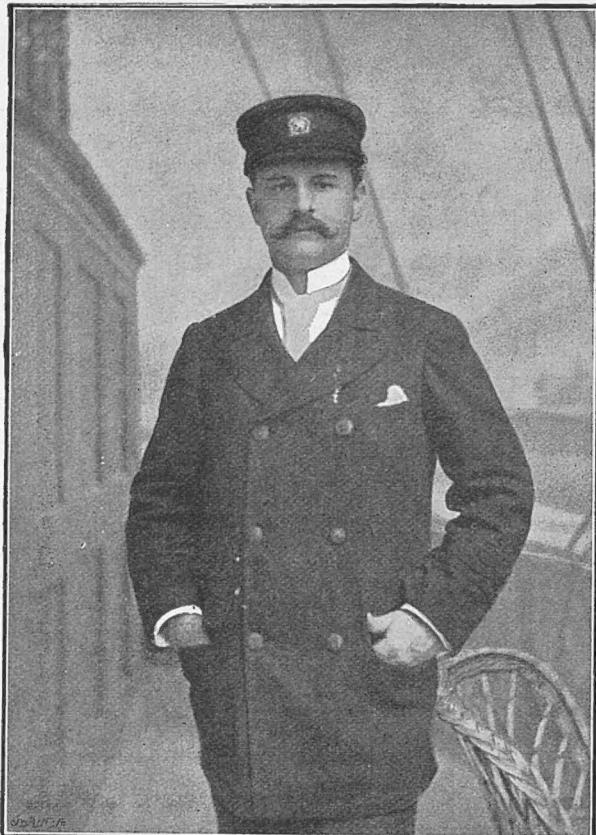


Photo by Kirk, Cowes, Isle of Wight.
MR. GEORGE JAY GOULD.

still a young man. The eldest son of the late Jay Gould, of Wall Street fame, his life has been cast in pleasant places. Blessed with a beautiful wife and four charming little ones, and having control of almost unlimited wealth, Mr. Gould has certainly little reason to complain against Dame Fortune. Less than fifty years ago the late Jay Gould arrived in New York a poor young man. He came of good New England stock, and had been brought up on his father's farm. Like the late James G. Blaine, Mr. Gould tried his hand at school-teaching in his native State; but village life was not large enough for the mighty brain which in after years was to engineer some of the greatest railway deals the world has ever seen. Jay Gould went to New York with but a few dollars in his pocket, and, in addition, a patent mouse-trap of his own invention. From that time he started to climb Fortune's ladder: though on the way he had many a fall, he always managed to pick himself up and climb higher, and at his death, about two years ago, he left a colossal fortune, generally estimated at about seventy millions of dollars, or fourteen millions of pounds, to be divided between his six children. Of these, George Jay Gould, born in 1862, is the eldest, and was his father's favourite child; next comes Edwin, known better as Eddie Gould, who, like his brother, is a Benedict; Miss Helen Gould, probably

the richest heiress living, is the third; followed by Howard, of twenty-two, Anna, nineteen, and Frank, seventeen, still at Columbia College, where his three elder brothers were also educated.

In 1886 George Gould married Miss Edith Kingdon, who was by birth an American girl, although her parents came from an old Devonshire family, but whose widowed mother had taken up her residence in America. By his marriage he is the father of four children, ranging from Kingdon, the eldest, who is now between six and seven; Jay, five and a-half; Marjorie, three and a-half, down to Vivien, the youngest, who is just two years old. The children have as yet received no regular instruction otherwise than to speak German, which they learn from their nursery governess. They will commence their education this year, and it is planned that Kingdon and Jay are to go to Yale. The first-named is a precocious lad, and knows more about nautical affairs than most men. He is very fond of drawing and painting ships and yachts, and, although he has never received any instruction, shows considerable knowledge of colour.

Shortly after the defeat of Lord Dunraven's unfortunate *Valkyrie*, Mr. Gould purchased the victorious *Vigilant*, in order to bring her to



Photo by W. Robertson, Gourock.

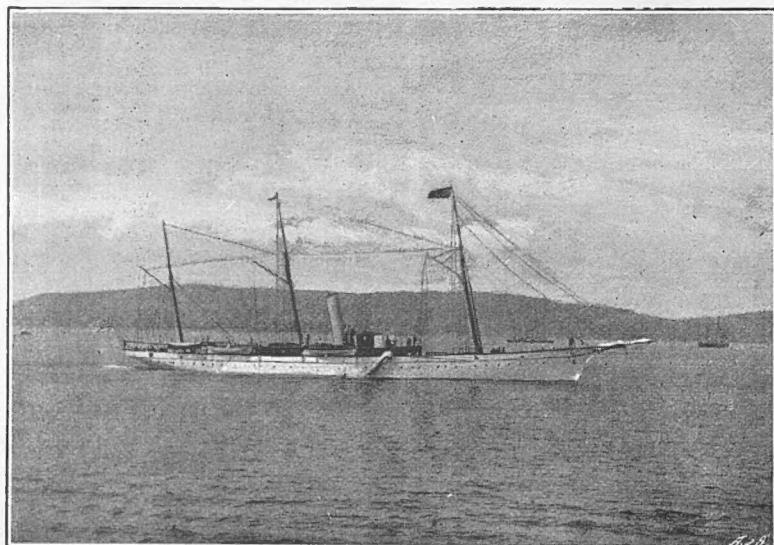
MRS. GOULD AND HER SONS.

this side to meet the *Britannia* and *Satanita*, as well as to renew acquaintance with her older antagonist.

In New York, Mr. Gould is a busy man, having, in addition to his enormous stock interest, the position of President of and holding the controlling interest in the Western Union Telegraph Company, of the Manhattan Elevated Railway, the Union Pacific Railway Company, and many other smaller lines.

He entered his father's office directly after he left college, and when he became twenty-one his father admitted him into partnership. Notwithstanding his clear head for business, Mr. George Gould has always been fond of sport, especially in the line of yachting, shooting, and fishing, and is never happier than when living on board either his magnificent steam-yacht *Atalanta* or the *Hildegarde*, which is equally as fine, and which he had built before his father's death, for whom the first-named was built. He is accompanied on his present trip by his wife and family; Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Gould's mother; Miss Anna Gould, who has been in Paris for the past six months; and his brother Howard. At Cowes they will be much in evidence, as they have taken "The Dormers" for the season, and a special race between the *Britannia* and the *Vigilant* took place on Saturday, Mr. Gould challenging the Prince of Wales's yacht. All the fashionable inhabitants of Cowes derive a great deal of pleasure from watching these trials of strength, which have an international as well as a sporting interest. Just now the bright little yachting town in the Isle of Wight is rapidly filling in anticipation of the annual visit of the German Emperor.

Mrs. George Gould is a very handsome brunette, following closely on



MR. GOULD'S YACHT ATALANTA.



MASTER VIVIEN GOULD.



MISS MARJORIE GOULD.



MASTER JAY GOULD.



MASTER KINGDON GOULD.

the style of her still beautiful mother, who is seldom separated from her daughter, and who is, without doubt, one of the handsomest among the New York matrons. A little above the medium height, Mrs. Gould has a perfectly oval face and clear-cut features, the darkest of black hair, and very dark hazel eyes, which are fringed by long dark lashes and clearly-marked eyebrows.

She is a capital yachtswoman and an ardent disciple of Walton, always accompanying her husband on his fishing excursions with her own rod, and many a trout has she successfully landed in the streams around "Furlough Lodge," their beautiful place in the Adirondack Mountains. The way this large estate got its name is rather a romantic and pretty story. Mr. Gould had purchased the land, built a large English shooting-box, and stocked the grounds with deer, pheasants, partridges, and everything necessary to make his estate a model country property. It had not, however, been given a name when the owner and his young bride arrived to spend their honeymoon. In those days the late Jay Gould was alive, and, as everyone knew, kept his partner son very busy at the office. He had, however, to spare him from his multifarious duties for his bridal trip, and gave him leave of absence for the honeymoon. The day after the arrival of the newly-wedded pair they were out on the lake alone, and the young husband asked his wife what she would like the estate to be called. A happy inspiration struck Mrs. Gould, and she suggested "Furlough Lodge," by which name it has been known ever since. The shooting-box has had many additions, until it is now not unlike an old English country seat. But it is not as a society woman or as a sportswoman that Mrs. Gould has endeared herself to the hearts of the rich and poor alike: it is as the mother of her charming family of four, and as the unassuming and unostentatious doer of charitable deeds. She is never happier than when surrounded by her children, and to see her in her sumptuous town house with two-year-old baby Vivien in her lap and little Marjorie at her knee, while she tells them long fairy tales, is to see her at her best.

In her well-conducted home she is absolute mistress, and knows more about housekeeping than the most trained servant in her employ. This, no doubt, explains the satisfaction which exists between mistress and maid, and, wonderful to relate, she has never changed a servant since her marriage. In speaking of household duties, Mrs. Gould once said, "I really enjoy the small cares which go with domestic life; there is a quiet, simple charm in housekeeping for all women if they are happily married." Mrs. Gould, like all the Gould family, is very much engaged in charitable work, especially in that which relates to poor children. In the slums of New York a hundred street-waifs are daily given Kindergarten instructions as well as a free lunch, of which Mrs. Gould is the benefactress. She is President of the New York Free Kindergarten and Potted Plant Association, the object of which is not only to open free Kindergärten and kitchen gardens for domestic training in the tenement districts of New York, but also to interest children in the cultivation of flowers. Each of her children has a special charity under his or her charge, and every year both Kingdon and Jay give twenty complete outfits to that number of pauper boys in the poorer districts of the American metropolis. The little girls support beds in the baby hospitals. In all her good works Mrs. Gould is assisted by her sister-in-law, Miss Helen Gould, who devotes nearly all her time to charitable work, and, in fact, was unable to accompany the rest of the family abroad on that account. Every other week Miss Helen has a hundred poor children out at Woody Crest, a house and ground on the Lyndhurst Estate, the magnificent place on the banks of the Hudson where her

father resided. For two weeks the little ones are kept there, visited daily by Miss Gould, and at the end of that time they are sent home, only to be replaced by another detachment. In the winter crippled children are taken and instructed in trades such as type-setting and typewriting, and such other occupations as their helpless condition will allow them to pursue. Mrs. Gould is very fond of society, and entertains very handsomely in her magnificent town house. She dresses with good taste, and, although possessing the rarest of jewels, among which is a diamond necklace containing a string of the largest brilliants known, she is generally without ornaments. She has a hatred of anything like vulgar display, and prefers her unostentatious home life to the most brilliant of society functions. At the present time she is the genial hostess of many distinguished guests.

In October, Mr. and Mrs. Gould will return to America, but they will revisit this country in the following February, and will hereafter live much on this side.

A CHINESE DOG.

Here is depicted a dog from North China, which has been in England since last September, in possession of the Misses Pinto. During the voyage his companion fell down the hold of the ship and was killed, and

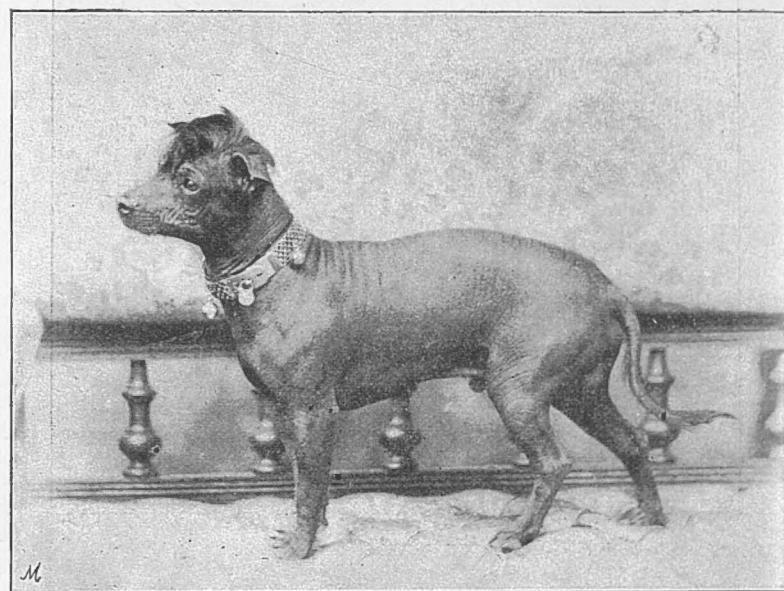


Photo by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.

the survivor bears a very pathetic look. He is two years old, and has developed into an incorrigible thief of crusts of bread, which he will hide. He loves all dairy produce, and is very fond of tea, as befits his nationality, taking it Chinese fashion, without sugar. All sweet things are avoided by him in his *menu*, also vegetables, though he likes olives. He is very light of foot, and will hop on and run about a dessert-table, never upsetting glass or ornaments. If anyone sings, he will try and kiss them, a high soprano having an especial charm for him. Our photo shows

him with a skin creased like a baby hippopotamus. These folds completely wrinkle him all over. The skin is bluish or brownish-black, according to temperature, the tint of blue when the weather is warm. The only hair possessed by this comic-looking dog is the crest on his head. It is like a cockatoo's; he has a tuft at the end of his tail, elephant-like, with scanty hairs. He patronises children and cats, is very plucky in going at any dogs, and delights in attracting the lunges of cows and horses which he has attacked.

Children have often been born on the high seas, and sometimes in railway trains, in cabs, or in prison, but how many people now alive can boast of having come into being on the field of battle? This almost unique distinction can, however, be truthfully claimed by an octogenarian pensioner of the French Government named Thomas, who was born in 1813, while the passage of the Beresina was being accomplished. His father was an officer in the French Imperial Guard, and was followed during the Russian campaign by a romantic girl, whose supreme moment—singularly ill-timed, it would seem—came about while the Russian bullets were playing upon the forces of "Le P'tit Caporal." Both sire and mother were slain, and the child was rescued by the Cossacks and adopted by the Russian Government. Mindful of the traditions of his birth, M. Thomas, on attaining his majority, became naturalised as a French citizen and entered the army. His birth certificate bears the singular and tragically significant legend, "Born at the Beresina."



Photo by W. Robertson, Gourock.

MAIN SALOON OF THE ATALANTA.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is passing the usual quiet life at Osborne, but until Parliament is prorogued there is, of course, a good deal of business to transact. Moreover, during the last fortnight of her residence at Windsor Castle her Majesty was much occupied with affairs, and, consequently, her private correspondence, which is far greater than the outside public have any idea of, had to be, to a certain extent, neglected, and she has been busily engaged working off arrears.

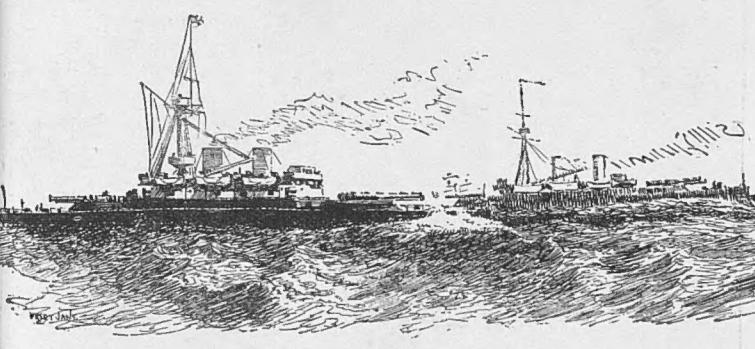
The Czarevitch left a large sum for distribution among the servants at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and a number of pins, rings, cigarette cases, and similar presents for the members of the household and other persons who were concerned in the arrangement of his visit. The members of the Russian Royal Family have always been very lavish in their largesse, and when the Emperor Nicholas quitted England in 1844, after staying a week, he left six gold snuff-boxes, with his portrait set in diamonds, for the Lords of the Household, a similar number of snuff-boxes, with his cipher in diamonds, for the Esquires and Grooms-in-Waiting, £2000 for the servants at the Castle, a diamond brooch and earrings for the housekeeper, and an immense number of valuable rings, watches, and brooches for distribution among the minor officials who had been deputed to do him honour and attend to his creature comforts.

The Prince of Wales, according to present arrangements, is to leave for the Continent on this day week, and he will travel by way of Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Frankfort direct to Homburg, where he is to arrive at four o'clock on the afternoon of the following day. The Prince will stay at Homburg until the first week in September, and is then to proceed on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.

The Emperor William is to give a dinner party to his English relatives on board his yacht one night this week, and will entertain the Queen at afternoon tea. The Emperor will dine twice in the Indian Room at Osborne with the Queen, and the Prince of Wales is to give a dinner in his honour on board the Osborne.

If the shade of Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was so unfortunately decapitated some three centuries ago, could revisit the glimpses of the moon, he, or it, would doubtless be surprised to find the handsome marble bath in which he probably on many a festive occasion bathed his handsome person before attending the Court of the Virgin Queen part of the basement of an up-to-date hotel. Such, however, is the case, and the bath, which tradition says was built by the gallant young Earl, and which for many years has been an object of interest to antiquaries, adjoining as it does that ancient Roman bath in Strand Lane, has now been swallowed up by the new Norfolk Hotel, and, unless some steps are taken to save it, is likely, I hear, to be demolished. The Essex property passed to the Dukes of Norfolk many a long year ago, and the celebrated house of the Earl of Essex became Norfolk House, and now the head of the Howards has, I understand, leased the ground to the proprietors of the new hotel, which ere long, equipped with every modern convenience, will open its hospitable doors to the great B.P. Will not the members of that society so eager to preserve historic bits do something to save this handsome relic of Tudor architecture?

Great excitement prevails at Kilrush by reason of the arrival of her Majesty's fleet, or such portion of it as forms the "Blue" Squadron. The stately Shannon has been overrun with craft of all kinds and sizes plying between ship and shore. Blue-jackets, both master and man, are heroes of the hour, and great preparations are going forward among the famous lovely Limerick lasses for the greater subjugation of Jack ashore



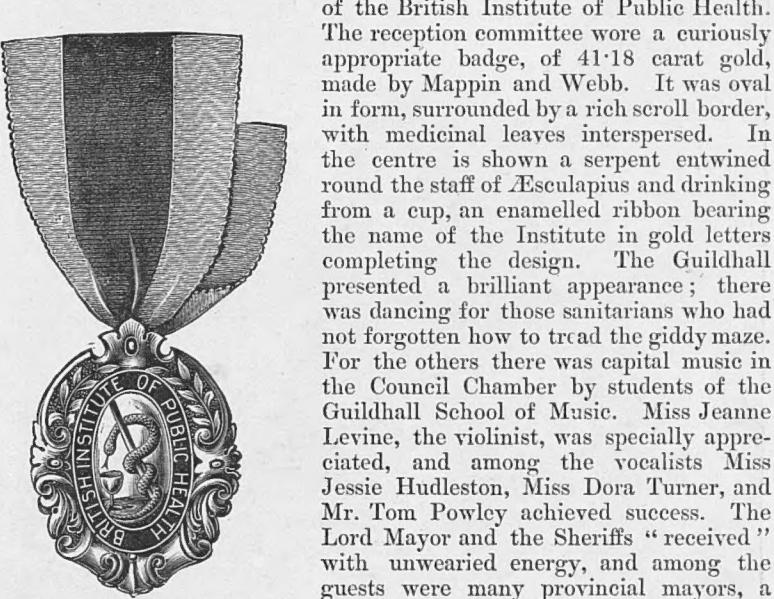
ADMIRALS AT SEA.

during the brief but blissful visit of the "ships." On Thursday war was officially declared, and operations began, all ten vessels steaming down the Shannon, followed by numerous boats overflowing with excursionists eager to witness the bloodless battle to follow. Perfect weather attended the manœuvres, thereby enhancing the always potent enjoyment of Hibernian hospitalities, a goodly share of which were partaken of by such of the officers as were free to disport themselves among the sirens of Kilrush and its neighbourhood.

"Glorious Goodwood" has come and gone, and society must this week solace itself with yachting at Cowes or cricket at Canterbury. The latter is, to my mind, a most delightful fixture, for there is much that is attractive in the picturesque old Kentish city should one tire—heaven forgive the heresy!—for a time of bats and balls. For the lover of

picturesque old houses and gateways, of inns equally renowned for good old liquor and ancient legend, and of noble Gothic architecture, here is plenty to attract. As for Cowes, the bevy of fresh English beauties in their smart yachting costumes is a sufficient attraction, even if one finds no attractiveness in those other female beauties—the yachts. By-the-way, it may be interesting to remember that the Royal Yacht Club, which is celebrating its yearly carnival this week, was started at the old Thatched House Club, in Waterloo year, as the Yacht Club, and became "Royal" in 1820, when "the first gentleman in Europe," who was a member, gave it that prefix. When the Thatched House Club was pulled down, Willis's Rooms became the head-quarters of this aristocratic club; then came the Vine Inn at Cowes, and then, in 1855, the Marquis of Conyngham transferred the lease of Cowes Castle to the Royal Yacht Club, and this ancient building is the popular Royal Yacht Squadron Castle of to-day.

A conversazione was given by the Corporation of London in the Guildhall on Tuesday, last week, to receive the members of the Congress of the British Institute of Public Health.



The reception committee wore a curiously appropriate badge, of 41·18 carat gold, made by Mappin and Webb. It was oval in form, surrounded by a rich scroll border, with medicinal leaves interspersed. In the centre is shown a serpent entwined round the staff of Æsculapius and drinking from a cup, an enamelled ribbon bearing the name of the Institute in gold letters completing the design. The Guildhall presented a brilliant appearance; there was dancing for those sanitarians who had not forgotten how to tread the giddy maze. For the others there was capital music in the Council Chamber by students of the Guildhall School of Music. Miss Jeanne Levine, the violinist, was specially appreciated, and among the vocalists Miss Jessie Hudleston, Miss Dora Turner, and Mr. Tom Powley achieved success. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs "received" with unwearied energy, and among the guests were many provincial mayors, a few members of Parliament, and several

medical men of note. An Indian gentleman, Mr. Prabh Dial, was particularly noticeable by reason of his resplendent costume. Altogether, the reception was a fitting close to the congress, the interest of which is increasing with the advance of sanitary science.

The Dutch eleven are a fine-looking set of fellows, and very eager to show young England their native form. They are picked men, chosen from the three principal Dutch clubs—that of Haarlem, Amsterdam, and the Hague. I hear great things of Van den Bosch and Taalman, members of the latter, who, by all accounts, intend making our champions "sit up." Holland is, indeed, coming well to the front lately in the way of sport—two of our crack tennis-players at Montreux last season hailed from that flat but frolicking country, and as boating-men or cricketers were, I remember, equally reliable—so "London and suburbs" must look to its batting laurels this week.

I hear that frilled shirts are once more to grace the manly chest, and humbly hope that it is only one of many horrid bogies which, like the sea-serpent, great gooseberry, and other annuals of similar growth, haunt the silly season. To him boasting those generous proportions which the ribald understand as a "corporation" there might be consolation in the method, probably, and frills above would presumably restore the balance required by rotundity below; but for all the moderately-fed community I can see no redeeming reason for the frilled shirt-front. To eat an egg one would be obviously unable, and to attack the savoury soup plate one might easily be afraid; in fact, any attempt at "figure" had much better be left to the ladies, who understand the habit so well, and flat-fronted man be allowed to gae his unassisted "gait" in peace.

The first of the autumn theatrical novelties will, it appears, be Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, which is down for production at the Comedy on Sept 1. It would seem that Mr. Grundy intends to be quite up to date, if we may judge by his title, "The New Woman," but as, at the moment of writing this, the play has not been "read," it is only a surmise after all. Whatever the play may be, however, Mr. Comyns Carr has engaged a cast that should do it justice. There is nothing of the "society amateur" about the principal artists, four of whom, at least—Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Winifred Emery, and Mr. Fred Terry—have not only won laurels "on their own," but were, one may say, born in the theatre, being one and all members of good old stage families. Some of them, though perhaps not at this particular house, have played together before, and the two younger ladies, who are of about an age, and the daughters of celebrated sires—Mr. Leigh Murray and Mr. Sam Emery—will be remembered as appearing together, some years ago, at the Vaudeville, when Mr. Thorne gave us a round of English comedies. Miss Murray and Mr. Terry played the heroine and hero in "Called Back" during its successful provincial tour some years since. I hear, too, that another capital actor, Mr. Jack Grahame, has also been engaged for this production.

A curious refutation of the popular superstition that honesty is the best policy came to my notice the other day. I was talking to a captain in the merchant service, who has been all over the world, and can spin stories whose obvious origin is in his own imagination, and when he had given me a large quantity of yarns about being eaten up alive in various parts of Africa he descended to the truth, and told me some really amusing experiences. He was once going to Bombay with a cargo of beer for the Government troops, and before he left London his agent told him he might take some of the ale every day for himself and the crew, but to take it from all the barrels alike, and to take it by means of a screw bung-tap to be inserted in each cask. The captain did as he was advised. Every morning he would take a draught himself



Photo by Nadar, Paris.
M. PAUL FUGÈRE.

and allow the crew to do the same. Nobody could take much strong beer in such weather, and each man's average daily consumption was less than half a pint. They all enjoyed the trip very much indeed, and when the vessel arrived in port the consignees were delighted to find all the casks safe and sound. Some time after this a brother captain was going over on a similar errand, and my friend advised him to do as he had done. Captain No. 2 waxed indignant. He would touch no man's property, neither should any of his crew do such a thing. The agent, who gave similar advice, received a similar answer, and shortly after that the vessel set sail. As soon as it reached the warmer climate on its way to India, a series of explosions occurred in the hold. Barrel after barrel was bursting, and by the time Bombay was reached more than a hundred had committed suicide. Then the artful ways of the agent were made manifest. This was in the old days, before modern improvements had guarded against excessive fermentation. The heat of the voyage had caused the explosions, but in the first case the regular withdrawal of a little of the beer had allowed the fermentation to take place without damage. The wily agent probably thought that Captain No. 1 would not have taken the trouble to attend to all the casks without the temptation of an illicit drink. So the sinner's cargo arrived safe, and the saint's little lot smashed. The im-moral is only too clear.

The skilful manipulation of the fan is an art unknown in England. Of course, our climate gives most work to the umbrella, but the fan is still indispensable in the theatre and at a dance or reception. How is it, then, that scarcely anybody can use it to the greatest possible advantage? Nowadays, ladies do not neglect anything that may add to their charms; they will undergo a martyrdom to look at their best for a few years. I am quite sure that if they could but recognise the possibilities of that little trifle of lace, feather, and dainty network they would devote a deal of attention to its proper use. A short time ago, I was watching the performance of the company of the Zarzuela Theatre of Madrid. The piece itself failed to interest me, although I had it

carefully explained. The theatre itself was far more interesting, and I was devoting most of my attention to the audience, when I noticed the leading lady handling her fan with a degree of dexterity that I have never before observed. She had the difficult task of flirting with one man and conciliating his rival at the same time, and it was her fan that enabled her to succeed. It seemed endowed with intelligence: now it was open, bold and daring; now half-closed, playful and coy; now closed, stately and vexed. For one moment it would be in repose; then, when I least expected it, would shake with excitement and move rapidly up and down; in point of fact, it partook fully of the emotions of its mistress, and enabled her to express them. When she hesitated to express herself, it would declare her mind by some subtle movement; when she was in repose it partook of her rest; when she was angry it shared her rage. Without it she could not have hoped to convey her sentiments; with its assistance she accomplished the best piece of acting the evening witnessed. London is inundated with professors of nearly all arts, but there should be fame and fortune for the man or woman who will teach our women of the world the proper use of a weapon that will enable them to achieve many conquests and retrieve innumerable disasters.

"Nothing would more completely gratify my ambition than to engage Mr. Henry Irving for a short season to appear in Paris in 'Faust.' He would be the greatest success Paris has ever seen. He is inimitable. He towers above all previous interpreters of the character of Mephistopheles." So spake M. Samary, of the Comédie Française, when in London, a few weeks ago. M. Samary is a scion of one of the oldest dramatic families in France, and his wife, better known as Madame Mealy, is of almost as ancient descent. Some four years ago, M. Samary had the misfortune to lose, within a few days of each other, his father, mother, and sister, an actress who inherited all the gifts of the family in beauty and talent, at whose funeral every theatre in Paris was represented, and for whom nearly every theatre was draped in mourning. M. Samary felt that he could not continue in Paris in the face of his great grief, so he retired from the Comédie, organised a company, and began a tour of the Continent, extending it to a trip round the world. He is now making preparations for a season in London, and hopes at some future period to establish here a theatre devoted to the production of French drama of every variety. He is convinced that in London there is a large and growing audience whose artistic tastes will welcome and appreciate such a venture. Madame Mealy, not long ago, was singing at the Alhambra Theatre with M. Paul Fugère, whose clever imitations contributed much to the success of the entertainment. She has a pleasing voice and appearance, and is rising to be one of the foremost performers in light and comic opera in the French capital.



Photo by Nadar, Paris.
M. PAUL FUGÈRE.



MDLLE. MEALY AND M. SAMARY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR, PARIS.

Her Majesty's stock of Indian shawls is inexhaustible. Yet another has been given as a wedding present. I am filled with respectful wonder as to the destiny of this garment. It cannot be worn, for fashion has disdained shawls these many years. Will it be enshrined in a glass case, or hung by-and-by over a little cot, like a royal aegis over a sleeping infant? If this speculation is thought too daring and even indecent, I can only plead the natural curiosity of a loyal subject.

Mr. William Watson has turned the opinions of the *Daily Chronicle* into a song, which he calls a new National Anthem. Invited to express an opinion on this composition, a genial politician said, "I always read the sentiments of the *Chronicle* with interest, and sometimes with sympathy, but I don't see why we should sing them instead of 'God Save the Queen.'" Besides, is not the editorial cry of Whitefriars Street sufficiently lyrical already?

I regret to hear that Mr. James Payn, who is at Harrogate, is suffering from rheumatic gout. It is characteristic of Mr. Payn that the most genial of living humorists should have such delicate health. In sickness or sorrow the rare buoyancy and kindness of his temperament never fail him. The second chapter of his recollections in *Cornhill* is the most delightful reading I have known for many a day. There are twenty-five pages brimming with laughter and genial wisdom. Mr. Payn has one of those personalities which act like magnets, attracting the richest humour and sympathy and the drollest odds and ends of humanity. I have read some of Mr. Payn's stories again and again, getting a fresh relish every time. If I may venture to give advice to the medical faculty, I would urge them to recommend these memoirs in *Cornhill* to all their patients. There is a celebrated story, told in Forster's life of Dickens, of a man who was very ill indeed, and was heard by his doctor, when the usual professional visit was over, to exclaim, "Thank God, 'Pickwick' will be out in ten days!" I should not be surprised to hear that *Cornhill* is expected on many sick beds with the same eagerness.

Mr. Asquith's performance on the "Chute" at the Earl's Court Water Show ought to suggest a topical verse for the song which Mr. Monkhouse sings, or used to sing, in "A Gaiety Girl." It was called "Jemmy on the Chute," and described the adventures of that young gentleman, who was ready with a protecting arm for the ladies in descending the slide. As Mrs. Asquith accompanied her husband in his nautical career, I wonder whether Mr. Monkhouse will have anything to say or sing about "Dodo on the Chute, boys." Let me suggest these lines, which have all the simplicity and aptness (not to say the poetry) of the music-hall—

Dodo on the Chute, boys,
In a wild alarm,
Finds it so exciting,
Hugging Hubby's arm.
Frollicking with Dodo,
Splashing in the foam,
Hubby finds his Office
Very much at Home!

It is not often that "G. A. S." is caught napping, but for once, I think, I have the champion anecdote on the hip. In a recent instalment of "Echoes" Mr. Sala has a paragraph referring to the late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, in which, among other things, he says that that versatile Irish aristocrat was "a globe-trotter who never published an account of his travails." This is very wrong indeed, for "Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East" was actually the title under which Mr. Wingfield published an account in two volumes of his travels in Oriental lands. Somehow, I never think of Lewis Strange Wingfield without recalling "glorious John" Dryden's famous lines in "Absalom and Achitophel," in which the poet hit off the character of the Duke of Buckingham under the name of Zimri. Female impersonator and actor, war correspondent, historical novelist, designer of costumes, mounter of plays, collector of curios, &c., Wingfield, like Zimri, was "everything by starts and nothing long."

In his dramatic collaboration with Mr. Louis N. Parker, Mr. Murray Carson has adopted the *nom de guerre*, now become pretty familiar to playgoers, of "Thornton Clark." No doubt, this intellectual and ambitious young actor was ignorant of the fact that he was appropriating somebody else's name, and yet I read in the obituary the other day of the death, at Lancaster, at the age of eighty-six, of a certain Christopher Thornton Clark. The world is very small, after all.

Now and then some odd little unrehearsed effect will take place on the stage, of which, happily, the audience are ignorant. One evening, at the closing scene of "Romeo and Juliet," as Romeo, Mr. Forbes-Robertson mounted the high steps leading up to the tomb, to weep by the body of Juliet (Madame Modjeska), when he accidentally pushed them away, and thus left himself in doubt how to descend creditably. Seeing an expression of dismay come over his face, the dead Juliet murmured from under her shroud, "What is it?" "The steps have slipped," whispered Romeo, "and I can't get down." "Never mind," muttered the corpse; "jump!" And jump he did, making a somewhat undignified descent, which, luckily, was not observed in front. Another time, after bidding Juliet an impassioned farewell on leaving her chamber, he rushed as usual to the balcony, threw his leg over the railing to make his exit, and found that by some mistake the stairs had been forgotten, and he dropped fourteen feet.

Mr. Phil May has an enthusiastic admirer in Mr. Spielmann, who contributes an appreciation of his work to the current number of the *Magazine of Art*. The particulars of his career have been told in *The Sketch*, which he has done so much to brighten ere now; but so many legends seem to float around him that they are worth re-telling, since Mr. Spielmann recalls them. Born in Leeds in 1864, he was put to earn his own living at the tender age of twelve, for his father was not in good circumstances. But even with such an adverse beginning the "promise of May" could not be hidden. He was first planted in the uncongenial sphere of an architect's office, but he soon left it, and for four years was a member of a strolling band of players. At the age of eighteen he came to London, did work for the *St. Stephen's Review*, and



MR. PHIL MAY.—DRAWN BY FRED HALL.

the *Penny Illustrated Paper*; then spent several years on the *Sydney Bulletin*, and in 1892 he produced his famous "Parson and Painter." Since then his career is too familiar to be noticed in detail. One of his latest achievements was making a speech at the annual dinner of the *Illustrated London News* at Brighton a few days ago. The scene of the gathering was the Old Ship Hotel, which justified its high reputation, and once more proved that, in the language of Dickens, "Todgers can do it, if it tries." In the chair on this festive occasion was Mr. John Latey, the editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and his various speeches were characterised by his customary felicity. Mr. Phil May responded on behalf of *The Sketch*, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

"Mr. May—and it seems so funny to call him by such a formal title as 'Mr.'—now stands alone 'on his own,' a man of barely thirty years, without a master, yet with many disciples and more imitators. His power of selection is instinctive and innate." Mr. Spielmann regards him as a humorist, not as a caricaturist, for "his aim is to show men and things as they are, seen through a curtain of fun and raillery—not as they might or ought to be"; and he goes on to show that his very lines are often funny. His work seems done at lightning speed, but, as a matter of fact, he is a slow worker, "slow, and desperately serious." Mr. Spielmann hopes to see him tackle tragedy as well as comedy, and that, if he is not led away, he will vindicate his position as one of our undoubted masters, accepted equally by artists, who appreciate the beauty of his eclectic technique, and by the great public.

The Generals of Germany appear to be a long-lived race. Among those now on the retired list are as many as forty-five who have all passed their eightieth birthday. A more curious example still of longevity comes to me from Massachusetts. There, in a particular suburb, in consecutive houses in the same street, reside the following old people: Sarah D. Pratt, eighty-three; Addison Pratt, eighty-one; David Pratt, seventy-seven; Oliver Pratt, seventy-seven; Diana Whitmarsh, seventy-five; Samuel R. Poole, seventy-three. The father of the last-named died quite recently at the patriarchal age of ninety-six.

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. JUSTICE WILKINSHAW'S ATTENTIONS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

To tell the truth at once and state the facts plainly, Justice Wilkinshaw never administered the law in any High Court. He was not among the Queen's judges. His father, a small solicitor's managing clerk, being of ambitious temperament, called him, in a certain sense, to the Bench by the act of registering his Christian name. "Justice," whatever was the child's vocation, would, at all events, be impressive; and, in further extenuation of the choice, Master Wilkinshaw's father may fairly be supposed to have overlooked the contingency of his son's becoming the innocent cause of disappointment to the "general," or even the superior, reader. Justice Wilkinshaw's "attentions" to any given young woman, it must honestly be allowed, could not hope to have that interest for a thinking public which belongs of right to even the most blameless amours of a highly-placed light of the law.

And yet the present historian has no choice but to chronicle one, at least—and, perhaps, it was the most important—of Mr. Wilkinshaw's love affairs. A good-looking child, a handsome boy, a dashing young man—he having (much against his will, for all I know) made havoc with suburban hearts, and aroused a cordial sympathy from damsels whom even the minor clergy had failed to touch—Justice Wilkinshaw, after some small business experience in a "gentlemanly" City office, set out for the Colonies. The capital, his father agreed with him, offered scarcely room for enterprise: London was a restricted field. In the matter of space, at all events, the advantage rested with New South Wales. And "the Colonies" proved kind. The lad himself, no doubt, must have deserved success. New South Wales sent him back, at three-and-thirty, with a friend and a fortune. The friend was a physician; the fortune was—well, it was reputed to amount to between sixty and seventy thousand, and Mr. Wilkinshaw declared, frankly and accurately, that not a farthing of it was invested in Colonial securities. How was it made? That, surely, is more Mr. Wilkinshaw's affair than ours. That it was made honourably, no one could reasonably have doubted who beheld the young man, stout and muscular, grey-eyed, full-faced, and a little bald, with a mouth good-tempered, and a full and genial voice—there are men whose mere voices, upraised in greeting, constitute a benefaction. Just such a man did New South Wales send home to the old country when Mr. Justice Wilkinshaw—beaming, prosperous, and thirty-three—having taken ship with his friend, disembarked at Tilbury from the P. & O. steamer.

A visit, which would have been longer but for the presence of his friend, was promptly paid to Justice Wilkinshaw's father, near Salisbury, at the agreeable cottage to which the managing clerk had retired with Dean Hole's "Book about Roses," and the opportunity of cultivating them on a soil they love. Justice Wilkinshaw afterwards, in the society of Dr. Robertson, spent some months in London, and late in the autumn—always with his friend—he repaired to Scarborough, which, as it happened, became the scene of those "attentions" for which the interest of the reader has been besought. It may here be mentioned, in parenthesis—what can, however, scarcely have been doubted—that the claims of Dr. Andrew Robertson on Mr. Wilkinshaw were substantial. On Dr. Robertson there had grown an infirmity which, if considered as an offence, is venial in anybody, but doubly venial in a Scot. He was tipsy every evening. Later in the night, it is much to be apprehended that that tolerant word would have been inadequate to describe his condition. In plain English, he was often, at the midnight hour, discovered helplessly drunk. A harsher and less enlightened epoch than our own would have pronounced that condition as a fault; but quite modern opinion, equipped with sounder knowledge, recognises in Dr. Robertson's disorder only a malady less immediately dangerous than peritonitis, though more persistent than ague. And Justice Wilkinshaw, with the promptings of affection to influence him, could not fail, as regards this matter, to agree with modern opinion. It is certain, at the same time, that he tried to do his best for a "pal" whom he valued. Nor is this to be wondered at. Dr. Andrew Robertson, formerly of Aberdeen, was a gifted man. At breakfast-time he was reflective and even admonitory. It was then that you would have turned to him for counsel. By lunch-time he was brilliant; then it was that you realised how much a man may be the gainer by having added a cosmopolitan experience to literary and scientific training. During the earlier stages of dinner, Dr. Robertson was but cheerful and urbane; only during the latter was his person in any way less attractive or his intellect perceptibly clouded. And from

that hour forth, until the night watches, it might be held certain that Justice Wilkinshaw—who himself made no pretensions to brilliance, and had only good nature and sound sense—from that hour Justice Wilkinshaw watched with assiduity over the footsteps of his gifted friend.

Justice Wilkinshaw had probably hoped that the distractions and interests of London would have exercised a beneficial influence upon the amiable physician who "indulged." But that hope was not fulfilled, and the almost chronic indisposition of the Scotchman seemed to call for treatment in a bracing place upon the coast. Hence the removal to Scarborough, where Justice Wilkinshaw, choosing their quarters with exemplary care, settled down at one of the smaller hotels. The season was practically over. A few good Yorkshire families were staying in furnished houses for November, the men putting in an occasional appearance at the Club, near the Cliff Bridge. The hotels were all but empty. The



He began, of course, by ceremonious politeness.

Duke's, which was selected by Justice Wilkinshaw as a temporary home, had hardly even passing visitors. It was kept by an elderly woman, portly and genial, with the large, welcoming manner invaluable to one who would exercise a hospitality not in the end unremunerated. In such an office, capacity by all means, but, above all things, "presence."

Mrs. Staplehurst had one daughter, thirty years younger than herself, and in some points "up to date," for, though she had never heard of Schopenhauer, and might have been indisposed to consider Mr. Ibsen exhilarating, she had read something of Zola's in an inadequate translation, and in art was so well informed as to hold no picture could possibly attract you like a very large etching. She said, too, that people were "sweet," when all she meant was that they had been reasonably well-behaved, and she wrung your hand fashionably, as one who had no remembrance of the day when it was generally considered more convenient to shake it below shoulder-height. Not absolutely youthful, Miss Staplehurst powdered her face with discretion, and had dyed her mass of hair Roman-red, "tawny," like Horace's river, or almost like his wine. Though Carrie Staplehurst was eight- or nine-and-twenty—if the harsh truth must out—several years might pass over her picturesque head before the desirability of being "thirty" need be expected to present itself. She was a good creature, and disposed to be a merry one; nor, whatever may be the judgment of the severe and the juvenile—on

this matter the terms are probably convertible—do I know that she was any the less womanly for betraying but little anxiety to have done, once for all, with the days and ways of her youth.

With her nine-and-twenty years, and deprived thus far of the attraction bestowed on women, in the opinion of young men of the period, by the married state, Carrie Staplehurst was, possibly, no longer fitted to be the heroine of any romance. Yet to her, as it happened, were Justice Wilkinshaw's attentions to be paid—to her, and not to the young lady "in the bar," who wore the blue silk blouse, was dark and handsome, soft-voiced and violet-eyed, and tall, and four-and-twenty, already widely experienced and of extended sympathies, affable with most: the recipient, therefore, of the earliest January buttonholes and of those Riviera roses that crowd out the flowers of spring. Yes, it was Carrie Staplehurst—a little on the shelf already—who inspired the love of the Colonist and blushed under the ardour of his manly admiration.

He began, of course, by ceremonious politeness—by a deference so respectful that it was actually American. When this had carried the outworks, he made further progress by the more English and very middle-class method of "chaffing" the fair. Then, by an access of well-timed admiration and bluff but eloquent entreaty, the citadel was stormed. Carrie lay practically in the palm of his hand. It had been pleasant at first to drive to Filey or to Heyburn Wyke upon a dog-cart, the Falernian-haired young woman seated comfortably by the Colonist, who handled the reins, while, in his sober morning hours, the Scottish physician swayed good-naturedly on the back seat. Then, as there was hardly a visitor in the house, and no one, certainly, of whose opinion or report there was need even for the most conventional to stand in awe, Miss Staplehurst would lunch hilariously in the coffee-room with Mr. Justice Wilkinshaw and the Doctor, while her mother and that young lady in the bar round whom the worshipping townsfolk justifiably clustered in the evening hours partook of early dinner, laid behind a shelter of counter and indoors-window, between that and the rows of wine-glasses, the bottle of Chartreuse, the boxes of cigars, the little vase that held the latest floral tribute, and the hanging time-tables of the North-Eastern Railway.

At the more advanced stages of his friend's impulsive but ever-jovial love-making, Dr. Andrew Robertson, formerly of Aberdeen, looked on with a creditable and kindly interest, yet likewise with a philosophy proper to one who had banished from his own life the disturbing emotions incidental to any serious pursuit of the attractive but elusive sex. He conversed genially—and drank spirits. Late in the day, the dilemma in which Justice Wilkinshaw habitually found himself would have won for him the sympathy of the austere; for, either he experienced a measure of uneasiness and remorse in the knowledge that his invalided friend lacked the support of his society, or else he was somewhat restless in the sense of unprosecuted loves, and in the obligation to watch over his friend until the hour of sleep should have declared itself, and the hotel staircase have been dangerously stumbled up by the still garrulous and benevolent, but now wholly unintelligible physician.

So things went on, the two men staying continuously at the Duke's Hotel, and Carrie having become, not exactly the affianced bride, but, at least, the favourite comrade of the bold and agreeable Colonist. It was now an open secret that Dr. Andrew Robertson, notwithstanding his infirmity, proposed to minister to the sick. He had made many inquiries, and hesitated only on the point of whether he should purchase a practice or whether he should establish one. At one moment it seemed that an arrangement was all but concluded with a professional brother; at another, he was in treaty for a corner house in a terrace, and about to start on his own account.

Suddenly the servants of the hotel—who are profound analysts of behaviour, and can sometimes philosophise with the best, being, to do them justice, as free from prejudices of conventionality as a biologist of agnostic tendencies, or a young lady educated on Scandinavian drama—suddenly the servants of the hotel noticed a coolness, a discord, a rift within the well-tempered lute. The somewhat strained relations between Justice Wilkinshaw and Miss Carrie became the theme of conversation in the still-room, and the occasion, I fear, of at least one significant wink bestowed by that exalted personage, the head-waiter, upon an appreciative housemaid, who was wont to bask in the sunshine of his not too frequent smile.

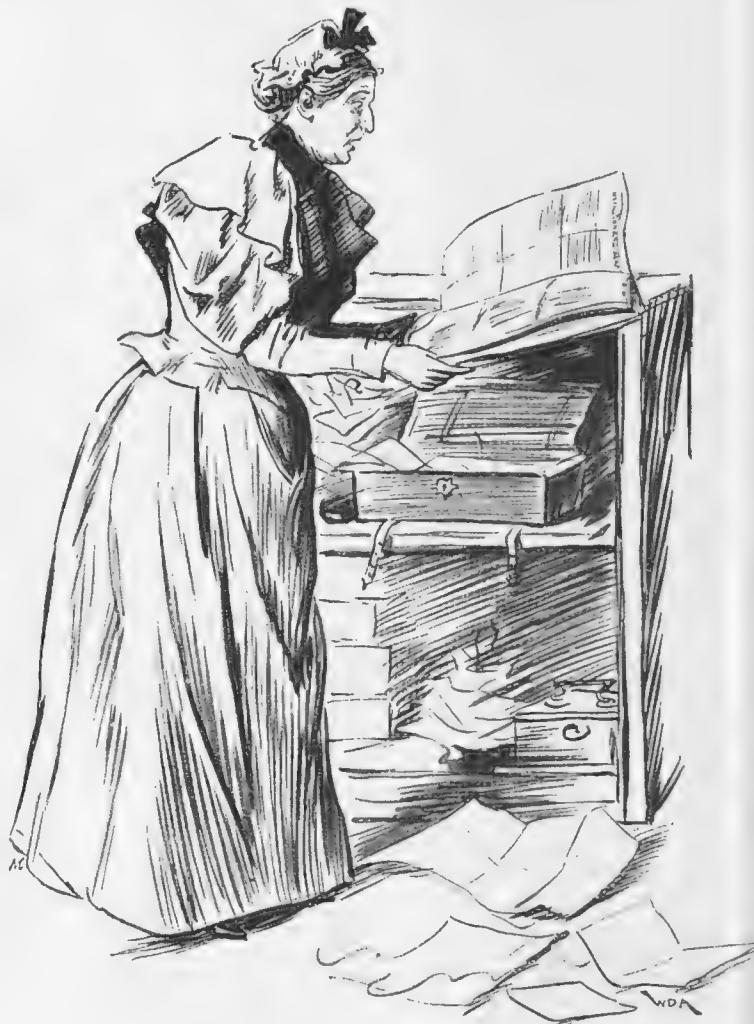
"Marked attentions," observed that philosopher—in a corner of the staircase, somewhat oracularly—"marked attentions" as been known to be paid for dearly." And he kissed the young woman, with a dignified patronage, merely to emphasise the observation.

Dr. Andrew Robertson appeared at this moment to be grave and preoccupied. He vouchsafed no further information about his practice, and once—it was early in the evening, at an hour when he was yet master of his means—he transferred himself, in the company of his friend, to a neighbouring hostelry, where his potations were so far restrained as to permit him to come home merely cheerfully tipsy. Had the note of discord been struck only between the wealthy Colonist and Mrs. Staplehurst's child, the cause might have been assumed to exist in the freaks or the exactions of lovers. Perhaps, even now, Dr. Robertson's evidently grave concern with it was nothing but the solicitude of a friend. For a day or two, at all events, his brow, like Justice Wilkinshaw's, was clouded. Mrs. Staplehurst, while stately and formal, had some air of anxiety, and no inconsiderable portion of Carrie's time was spent in the privacy of her bed-room.

Matters mended, however—almost as suddenly and as inexplicably as they had gone wrong—and cheerfulness and a sense of unity and

domination being restored to their betters, the servants of the house waxed immediately more serious, their souls absorbed more thoroughly than of late in their accustomed tasks. Hardly had the secret trouble been twenty-four hours righted, when Dr. Andrew Robertson announced to the waiter at breakfast-time that he was summoned to York, and that he would go thither that afternoon, probably for a couple of days or so. The Colonist, of course, drove with him to the station, the friendliest of temporary *adieux* having passed between all, gathered in the vestibule of the hotel. Some hours earlier, a despatch-box—the property of the physician—had been deposited in the hotel safe with formalities that might with advantage, perhaps, have been observed some weeks before. The physician took a receipt for the same, and solemnly handed it into the keeping of his friend—his own infirmity made him, as an almost touching gesture seemed to indicate, but a sorry guardian of documents the careful retention of which was of any importance. So he departed, and that evening the opulent Colonist—his attention no longer divided between essentially incompatible pursuits—sat happily in Mrs. Staplehurst's parlour, and played a game of Halma with the young woman, whose eyes were bright that night, and her face flushed under hair artificially tawny.

The next morning—while as yet Miss Carrie, who never rose early, was not visible except to the privileged of her own sex—Justice Wilkinshaw, putting on a great-coat, for the weather had become chilly,



It was again the "Melbourne Argus."

and taking the Malacca or the Congo cane which was the companion of his meditations, sauntered out for his usual stroll—he had generally, of course, at that hour, the society of his friend. Justice Wilkinshaw did not, that Tuesday morning, return to lunch. By two o'clock his absence began to be remarked; but at three there came a more or less explanatory telegram, of which York, according to the official jargon of the Post Office, was the "office of origin"—

"Called away. Am writing. Guard Robertson's despatch-box."

What had, indeed, occurred? It was useless to debate it. Carrie, for once, was down betimes, and sorted the letters herself. What were they? "Dr. Andrew Robertson"—from London—a bill, perhaps; "Justice Wilkinshaw, Esq."—the hand gave no clue to the nature of the matter within; "Andrew Robertson, Esq., M.D.;" "Miss Helen Barton," the young lady in the bar. Parcel Post: a box of perfumes—Rimmel's—"Miss Helen Barton," in a masculine hand. Yes; that too-fortunate young lady in the blue silk blouse, soft-voiced and tall, with the bewitching eyes and the great bunch of violets from France. Nothing for Carrie!

"Mater, not a line!" exclaimed Miss Staplehurst, meeting her mother on the staircase. "By the second post!" she added, withdrawing to her room.

By the second post, however—which Mrs. Staplehurst herself was ready to receive—there was absolutely nothing for the hotel. The postman, with his important step upon the pavement, strode briskly and

blithely, or, as it seemed to Carrie, almost heartlessly by. Mrs. Staplehurst's expression became unreservedly anxious, though she kept her thoughts to herself. But in a few minutes, knowing that there was no one in her private room, she repaired to it, and walked straight to the safe. Could anything whatever be gleaned, it had occurred to her, by an examination of the outside of the despatch-box, which had been lodged so carefully, and was even now, to judge by the telegram, in Dr. Robertson's or Mr. Wilkinshaw's mind?

Her keys were in her pocket; she unlocked the safe, took out the despatch-box, which held, not only papers of much money value, but—as it now, by putting two and two together, seemed, no doubt, likely—certain written secrets, to boot.

Should it be opened? Should the lock be forced? She had not had time to decide the matter, when she discovered that the despatch-box, although properly strapped, had not on this occasion been locked at all. Mrs. Staplehurst threw the strap aside, threw the lid open. The despatch-box, though light, was full.

On top there was a newspaper, the *Melbourne Argus*; next, another newspaper, the *Medical Journal*; again a newspaper, another *Melbourne Argus*; yet a fourth, very neatly folded, the *Melbourne Argus*.

Below it were several manuscripts, some two or three of them in envelopes. One of these she could not hesitate to open. It was but an unpaid hotel bill, a bill of her own house: "No. 37 and No. 38. To the Duke's Hotel, Scarborough." Now a loose paper. It was an earlier bill, the first that had been presented, and it bore a stamped receipt: it had been paid promptly. Another loose paper: it was a second and unpaid account, "No. 37 and No. 38" having become by this time "Justice Wilkinshaw, Esq., the wealthy Colonist standing, doubtless, sponsor for his friend. Still another paper—an unpaid bill again—perhaps almost the latest of them, "Justice Wilkinshaw, Esq. To the Duke's Hotel, Scarborough." And then the details, some of them a melancholy record of the illness of the physician—

	£	s.	d.
Account rendered	46 7 6
Hotel stables	4 4 0
Board, rooms and attendance, three days, self and friend	3 13 6
Brandy and Soda	0 2 0
Sherry	0 6 0
Sherry	0 6 0
Whisky	0 2 0
Brandy and Soda	0 1 0
Cigars	0 8 0
Whisky	0 2 0
Sherry	0 6 0
Champagne	0 12 0
Cognac	0 4 0
Paid out	0 2 0
Total	...	56	16 0

An early settlement will oblige.

Mrs. Staplehurst was not a rich woman. Times were bad with the inn-keeper; but possibly a little money had been paid "on account" in those last days of peace and restored amity? Nothing, she well knew. And the bills, all of them—stored for what conceivable purpose?—were disagreeable, even painful, reminders of a debt as yet undischarged. But the more important documents? Money or money's worth must surely be among them. Below these bills, these envelopes, what were the things that demanded such exceptional care? Were they bonds, with coupons payable to bearer? Here was a parcel, tied carefully with string and sealed. Mrs. Staplehurst broke the seal, perhaps thoughtlessly. Carrie would have advised her otherwise; but that unfortunate young woman, of whom energy and action were not marked characteristics, fretted lonely in her bed-room. Mrs. Staplehurst had surrendered the whole of her dignity; her face was hot with excitement. The contents of the sealed packet?

It was only a single broad sheet—a big newspaper, folded with deliberate precision. Instead of a bond, with coupon payable to bearer, it was again the *Melbourne Argus*.

Dr. Andrew Robertson, formerly of Aberdeen, had conceived for the twain, in the clear brilliancy of his morning hours, that method of departure. The Colonist, who "had nothing," we may remember, in Colonial securities—and nothing in securities not Colonial—the Colonist had but acquiesced. The scheme was the physician's. Yet Scotchmen, as we know, bear always the burden of over-much morality, and are deficient in a sense of humour.

RAZORS IN RUSTICITY.

A few weeks ago, while giving a country village the pleasure of my company, I had a most lamentable adventure. I had spent two days in the place, and on the third my chin cried aloud for the attentions of the barber. I inquired of mine host the address of the best representative of the profession, and was directed to the emporium of a man who sold stationery and sweets, and shaved people in his spare moments. With a brush that was probably used by his grandfather before him, he almost took the skin off my face; with a razor as blunt as a Yorkshire farmer, he completed the flaying process, pausing in the middle of the torture to suggest a shampoo afterwards. In vain hopes of conciliating him, I consented, and, bad though the shave was, it ran a bad second to the shampoo, when he covered my hair with some vile compound in which stale eggs took a prominent and evil-smelling part. Next time I go to the country I shall grow a beard.

BEN.

MISS JESSIE BRADFORD.

Although still *in statu pupillari*, Miss Jessie Bradford, the young soprano who made such a favourable impression as Michaela in the recent performance of "Carmen" at Drury Lane by the Guildhall School of Music students, has already had a fair amount of experience on the operatic stage. Coming up to London from Stroud, in Gloucestershire, about three years and a-half ago, Miss Bradford put herself under the tuition of Mr. Richard Latter at the Guildhall School of Music. Here



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MISS JESSIE BRADFORD.

she soon made her mark, and won in succession the silver and gold medals for solo singing, besides numerous prizes. Commencing her operatic career in the Guildhall chorus, Miss Bradford was, not long after, entrusted with the rôle of Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo." This was by no means a light task for a novice, but she achieved a great success when Auber's charming opera was performed by the Guildhall students at the Lyric Theatre. This performance brought Miss Bradford under the notice of the late Haydn Parry, who engaged her as understudy to Madame Amy Sherwin in the principal soprano part in his opera, "Cigarette," which, after a very successful tour in Wales, ran for several months in London at the Shaftesbury and Lyric Theatres. Both in Wales and in London Miss Bradford was frequently called upon to play the part of Violette, and on one of these occasions, at Swansea, Madame Patti, who was in the audience, complimented her highly on her artistic singing. Since that time Miss Bradford has played in "Miami," the musical version of "Green Bushes," which was produced at the Princess's Theatre last year, and in Auseal Tate and Neill Donovan's comic opera, "His Highness," produced at a matinée at the Opéra Comique. She has also been on tour with Parry Cole's opera, "Leila." But while working hard both on the stage and on the concert platform Miss Bradford has been studying assiduously at the school on the Embankment, latterly under Mr. Hermann Klein, and her excellent performance of Michaela shows how greatly she has profited by her steady and systematic work.

A SLIGHT DELAY.

CUSTOMER: "Is the proprietor in?"

WAITER: "Yes, Sir."

CUSTOMER: "Take this steak back, and ask him to jump on it."

WAITER: "You'll have to wait a little while, Sir. There are two other orders ahead of you."—*Life* (New York).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The resolution of the Committee of the Authors' Society to put an end to three-volume novels will raise a more or less good-humoured smile among practical people. The calculations of the authors are of the delightfully Arabian type with which readers of their organ are familiar. Thus we are told that by the sale of four thousand copies of a six-shilling book the author will reap as much profit as from a small edition in three volumes. No doubt; but how many novelists are there of whose books four thousand copies can be sold at six shillings? The publishers alone can answer that question, and when the list is made out it will be a very short one. Further, it must be remembered that books originally published at six shillings are, as a rule, much shorter than three-volume novels. Consequently, the profit upon them will be less. I imagine there will be a compromise on this question. The circulating libraries are getting frightened at the storm they have raised. Abolish the three-volume novel, and you will go a considerable way towards the abolition of the circulating library.

Mr. Bram Stoker is taking his holiday in Scotland, where he is completing a new novel. Mr. Stoker is a very rapid writer, sometimes doing as much as six or seven thousand words a day.

Miss Mary Wilkins has postponed her projected visit to England. She will have an enthusiastic reception when she comes. In early life it is said that Miss Wilkins was a dressmaker in the country, and thus came closely in contact with the grim rural life of Massachusetts.

Mr. Brander Matthews is in London till the middle of September. He makes the Savile Club his head-quarters.

Mr. George du Maurier is said to have nearly finished his third novel for *Harper's*. "Trilby" has been warmly received in America, and is, indeed, a very fine and characteristic piece of work, giving Mr. Du Maurier a place no less distinct among novelists than that which he has so long held among artists.

Mr. Francis Underwood, the American Consul at Edinburgh, is now at work on a novel of New England life which will be published in London in the autumn. Mr. Underwood was associated with the early and very brilliant days of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was, perhaps, at this period that the literary genius of America touched its highest point.

The "Pioneer Series" (Heinemann) would seem to have the study of modern womankind as its end. A hint of this was enough to scare away one's desires at once; but when duty compelled the cutting of the leaves, duty, as sometimes happens, was found to be easier than it looked from a distance. The first volume, "Joanna Traill, Spinster," is distinctly depressing, and it isn't a clever story; but it is an amiable and unexasperating book. An apparent lack of cut-and-dried theories on the part of the writer, Miss Holdsworth, is a recommendation. The story of a woman who has never said, for thirty-six years, to any human creature, what would be equivalent to saying "Bo!" to a goose, who all of a sudden turns East-End philanthropist, and falls in love with another philanthropist, who always meant to marry her, but never quite realised it till she had died of diphtheria, caught while attending on a selfish sister, is bound to be a little drab in colour. No one will resent the fact that Joanna has no rollicking moods; her life made it impossible. But a spinster heroine of animal spirits is much wanted in fiction to-day.

The other volume is altogether different, "George Mandeville's Husband," by C. E. Raimond. It is a clever book and an impressive one. Of course, it will set narrow-minded people crowing and saying "I told you so!" There is a good deal of injustice in it, and its case is not perfectly made out, though the writer does not leave one in doubt of her ability. "George Mandeville" is the pseudonym of a woman novelist, a detestable woman, a writer of rubbish, vain, selfish, neglectful of her child, and—what is much insisted on—fat. Her husband is an amiable amateur painter, put in a corner by her fame and her egotism. The child instinctively chooses his company, and hates her mother. The child dies, and after her death the mother imagines she adored her, and paints her in terms that proves she doesn't even remember what she looked like. The weak point in the case—not in the book, for he is well drawn—is the husband, Wilbraham. For all his amiability, he is by nature narrow-minded, and inclined to sulk.

Of injustice there is plenty in the book. But if injustice ever be pardonable, it is so to some extent here. The sacrifice of domestic happiness, not to genius, but to mere ambitious vanity, is so terribly stupid a thing that it deserves scourging, and the warmth of feeling exhibited by the writer has, at least, the effect of rousing attention. Only the George Mandevilles, if cruel and exasperating, are not quite frequent enough to justify all the ferocity of the satire.

There are hardly any other novels worth speaking much about just now, since the newspapers have quoted at such length from "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." By-the-way, Mr. Meredith has rarely made so ineffective a novel heroine as Aminta. She never fits in precisely to her part. But evidently he made a poem of her in his head, and that poem is suggested in the novel. We have an idea of Aminta in herself, if not as the wife of Lord Ormont and of the schoolmaster.

In the dearth of new novels and stories, Mr. Lang's "Cock Lane and Common Sense"—not a very new book, by-the-way—will serve as good entertainment. Mr. Lang has tumbled into it all the contents of his notebooks on ghost research, and, as mere references and allusions and the few theories he puts forward or discusses are almost enough to fill a thick volume, he has not often time to tell a story outright. So there is something both tantalising and stimulating to those who go to the book careless of the science of ghosts, but with an appetite for ghost literature.

Now that Mr. Lang's fairy books have come to an end and his "True Story Book" has been issued, his next Christmas venture might be selected ghost stories and tales of a kindred nature. They might serve the purposes of psychical research, though their buyers would far extend beyond the circle of calm inquirers. The "White Ghost Book," to be followed in 1895 by the still more thrilling "Blue Ghost Book," would be a taking announcement.

The new guide-book, judging from numerous recent examples, is a very different kind of thing from the old. I question if it be as good. The old was dry, and omitted none of the facts that its writer could scrape together. It was not picturesque, and not very readable. If its facts were wrong, it was intolerable; if they were right, it was useful, and as well worth carrying as a watch or a railway time-table. Now guide-books have begun to be impressionist. They give you a little landscape, filtered through the writer's vision, a few stray allusions to local legend or history, vague enough to be flattering to the reader's culture, and a good deal of the writer's moods and sentiments. Some indifferently-reproduced photographs are generally the most practical feature. These impressionist things may serve to whet one's appetite for wandering, but they are not worth their room in portmanteau or knapsack. There can hardly be too many facts—a reader's eye will select what he wants fast enough—or too little sentiment in a guide-book.

Perhaps Mr. Arthur Lynch's "Our Poets" (Remington) is altogether too impertinent a production to deserve notice. But when rudeness reaches a certain pitch of audacity it becomes interesting, and this eccentric little book does not fall short of the point. It is hard to say whether the criticisms in verse or the notes in prose bear away the palm for schoolboyish impudence, and yet in both there is sometimes a kind of perverse sense of what is good. He has no reverence at all for our modern favourites, neither for Mr. Swinburne nor Mr. William Watson. He gibes and grins at the Rhymers' Club, and his remarks about Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Le Gallienne are enough to make ordinary civil-spoken folks' hair stand on end. "Is Lewis Morris a child of Apollo? Does Lewis Morris even look like a child of Apollo?" is unpardonable.

A book in worse taste, with more literary uncharitableness for its size, would be difficult to find. But, probably, there is room for a better and a less malicious one in the same spirit, if not in the same temper, one that would fearlessly but decently criticise the puniness of the matter of modern verse, and demand from it a greater fastidiousness in form, if a reader be as right as he is charitable in supposing such to be the aim of the eccentric Mr. Lynch.

One of the most important books of the new season will be Mr. Froude's work on Erasmus, which is to be published by Messrs. Longmans in the autumn. So far as I can remember, there is no good English book on Erasmus. The best is, perhaps, the biography written by Mr. R. B. Drummond, and published a good many years ago by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A little book which will be precious to many has just been published by Messrs. Bentley, under the alluring title "More about Gordon." In its pages one gleans many sheaves which have been passed over by previous biographers. The authoress rightly claims to be "One Who Knew Him Well." From 1867 until General Gordon's death she was in continual sympathetic correspondence with this marvellous mystic and martyr. Extracts from Gordon's letters are allowed to paint his fascinating traits of character, and the links which connect the chain are adroitly subordinated. His intense love of boys, his rare unselfishness, his hatred of ostentation, once more are proved in this valuable addition to "La Vie Intime" of General Gordon.

Gordon had a capital name for fits of low spirits, which he called "the doles," for the cure of which he prescribed standing for a day at a wash-tub. Here is another sentiment of his: "As long as we prefer the daily paper to the Bible, things are wrong with us." One of the most touching portions of the book is a letter received by him from one of the waifs whom he used to teach. It is interesting to read that at the Levée, after he had proffered the resignation of his position in the British Army, the Prince of Wales whispered in Gordon's ear, "Come and see me at lunch-time on Sunday." When he came, the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince pressed him very hard as to why he had resigned, and the Duke refused to accept it. The authoress has gracefully effaced herself in this book, but she has performed a real service by allowing the world to share the inspiration and interest of these letters of the great hero who perished at Khartoum. The postscript to the last letter received by his sister from Gordon is his best epitaph: "I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have 'tried to do my duty.'" o. o.

IN THE NURSERY.

From Photographs by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW UP YOUR HORN."



RENT FREE.



PUSSY AND I.



IN "NIGHTIES."

A CHAT WITH MISS ADA REEVE.

To Mr. George Edwardes the process of resting on his laurels seems altogether unknown. His one idea appears to be to entice playgoers to the numerous theatres he controls, by constantly providing something



Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

MISS ADA REEVE.

new and strange. It was during the run of "Little Bo-Peep" at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, that Mr. Edwardes's eye fell on Miss Reeve, with the result that she received an offer to play parts similar to those in which Nellie Farren won the hearts of all London at the Gaiety. Unfortunately, music-hall contracts stand in the way for the moment, and music-hall contracts are expensive things to break. The Pavilion, Tivoli, and Royal, not unnaturally, object to give up their favourite tomboy at a moment's notice; but it is very probable that in the near future we shall see Miss Reeve in leading parts in Gaiety burlesque. The conventional actress is alleged to exhibit a becoming sense of awe in the interviewer's presence, but I am bound to say that when Miss Reeve received me in her charming drawing-room, little more than a hundred yards from the Bow and Bromley Institute, she maintained the most absolute composure. After glancing at the innumerable photographs of professional friends which covered the walls, I plunged into the heart of my subject by asking Miss Reeve if she was the first and only member of her family who had taken to the stage. I was rewarded by the information that her father was for years a member of stock companies which included Mr. Toole and Mr. Irving, and that her mother had played in more than one Shaksperian revival at the Pavilion

Theatre, while her sister Julia has been at the halls some time, so you will see that Miss Reeve has hereditary genius.

"And when, Miss Reeve, did you first smell the footlights?"

"I was only six at the time, so my recollection is somewhat hazy; but it was in a pantomime at the Pavilion, in which Miss Lottie Collins and her sisters Marie and Lizzie took part. From pantomime I passed to tearful melodrama of the 'East Lynne' type, and, although I was then only eight, I understudied servant-girls and even old women, and occasionally played them."

"How did your music-hall career begin?"

"I played in sketches at the Middlesex, but soon returned to the regular stage, and toured with Fannie Leslie in 'Jack in the Box,' when the author, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Clement Scott joined in praising me."

But I remembered that it is as a "serio-comic" that Miss Reeve has caught the ear of London, and I hastened to ask her when she first joined the great army of song-and-dance artists.

"I was twelve when I appeared at the old Hungerford. I was kindly informed by an agent who saw my performance there that I was very weak, and should never be worth more than two pounds a-week. As my salary in the pantomime at the Comedy, Manchester, this year is to be fifty pounds, the gentleman cannot be congratulated on his gift of prophecy," added Miss Reeve, with a slightly triumphant smile.

"It was 'What do I care?' I presume, that made you a star of the first magnitude?"

"Yes, if I am one even now. I have certainly never had a song which has 'caught on' so well, although I have no cause to complain of the way in which 'I'm a little too young to know' and 'For a Girl' have gone, to say nothing of my latest success, 'Now, will you be good?' I may say that the last bids fair to become as popular as any I have sung. At all events, I have the satisfaction of hearing it whistled in the Strand already, and a music-hall song that gets taken up in the streets so soon is almost certain to be a big success."

Remembering that Miss Reeve had recently been engaged in New York, I asked the conventional question about America. Her reply was brief and patriotic: "I prefer England." In the course of conversation Miss Reeve confided in me that, like the amateur limelight man in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," she "wants to act," and would gladly exchange the halls for the theatre proper. She would like to play pantomime—or, even better, burlesque—all the year round, and is, therefore, simply yearning to accept Mr. Edwardes's offer. Judging from her success in the best provincial pantomimes, one is justified in supporting Mr. Toole's assertion that her success in the West End is a foregone conclusion. Miss Reeve then brought me a whole bundle of letters, some of them exquisitely absurd, from callow youths who vowed eternal fidelity to her—or, rather, to the romp who sings "What do I care?"—as well as requests for advice from enterprising "slaveys" who can endure the bullying of their employers no longer, and have determined "to take to the stage as a last resource." When I had glanced at these, I recognised that audiences in four quarters of London would soon be expecting Miss Reeve, and rose to go. I bid her good-bye, impressed by the fact that, young as she is, her great success has left her completely unaffected, and this, in these days of universal posing, is much to be thankful for.

C. H.



Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

MISS ADA REEVE.



L'ORAGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBUARY STREET, S.W.

LADY DUFFERIN'S POEMS.*

No one who has read the poems and memoir contained in this volume will consider the extreme word "adorable," which is applied to Helen, Lady Dufferin by her son, as undeserved. With her beauty and



HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN.

marvellous power to charm, every great writer of personal records during the first half of the century has made us familiar in turn; but the secret of her ineffable sweetness and goodness in her home life remained unrevealed till Lord Dufferin took up his pencil. The lines with which he draws the portrait are few; the picture is, nevertheless, as complete a work of art as love and skill can make it. She is first shown to us, when seventeen years of age, in a London ball-room, where her loveliness and grace, very naturally, so captivated Captain Blackwood, just returned home from the China Seas, that he insisted on an early marriage. A little later we see her wandering beneath the grey towers and battlements of an old castle in the Apennines, "a new-found treasure," in the person of her little son, in her arms. Two or three more years pass, and we find the fair young matron, whose loving, radiant face Lord Dufferin speaks of as his childhood's heaven, inviting her boy to celebrate with her her own coming-of-age, "and it is not every son that can remember his mother's twenty-first birthday," the writer of this memoir remarks. On the death of her husband, Lady Dufferin apparently resolved to devote her life altogether to her son. So soon as he left Eton, she retired with him to the family seat of Clandeboye, County Down, and, as one is reminded, it must have been no small sacrifice to a beautiful woman only a little over thirty, possessed of so many accomplishments, and delighting in social intercourse, to pass so many of the best years of her life in the solitude of an Irish country-house. Later, there is the story of her romantic marriage with Lord Gifford on his deathbed, and finally there is the reference to Lady Dufferin's death by a terrible disease, borne with a gentleness and patience which, in itself alone, might have won for her the devotion of her son, who rightly describes her as one of the most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth.

Of her poems, some, such as "The Irish Emigrant," which, as Lord Dufferin says, on the other side of the Atlantic is wont to bring the audience to their feet, had already made a place for themselves in every music-loving heart in the kingdom the greater part of a century ago, and it is no rash surmise to say that they will still be sung during the century to come.

As a direct contrast to this are the lines on "A Charming Woman," who, in the language of to-day, would be termed "a pioneer," a delightful prose piece, headed "A Few Thoughts on Keys," and

a farrago of charming nonsense which tells how Donna Inez went to confess her sins to an indulgent friar, but was so filled with indignation at the misdeeds of her cousin Natalita, who presumed to aspire to the attentions of one whose sole homage was claimed by Inez, that she confessed the naughty rival's sins instead of her own.

Others among the verses are less well known, and one cannot refrain from quoting some lines of one little gem of a song-poem, which gives voice to a supplication for constancy—

When another's voice thou hearest
With a sad and gentle tone,
Let its sound but waken, dearest,
Memory of my love alone!
When in stranger lands thou meetest
Warm, true hearts which welcome thee,
Let each friendly look thou greetest
Seem a message, love, from me!

But that which must rank above any love poem, and which, in its depth of feeling and poetic fervour, is unique of its kind, is the poem which Lady Dufferin wrote to her son when she resigned her guardianship of him on his coming of age. Its concluding lines run thus—

So, angel guarded, may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind.
And pray that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious light at last.

c. s.

WONDERFULLY LIKE WASHINGTON.

The striking resemblance which the original of the accompanying portrait bears to President Washington is the excuse for publishing it. Colonel Ebenezer Binges Ball was an old Oregon pioneer and Indian fighter. At the time when this photograph was taken the veteran was in his seventy-second year. The costume which he wore was the uniform of the

Photo by J. D. Merrill, Washington.
COLONEL E. B. BALL.

Washington City "Old Continentals," of which Colonel Ball had been made an honorary member. The likeness in features which the gallant old gentleman bore to George Washington is certainly very extraordinary, as comparison with any of the well-known prints and portraits of the great President will show. We owe the publication of Colonel Ball's portrait to the courtesy of that scholarly historian, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who is an enthusiastic collector of anything connected with his renowned countryman.



A BYGONE BEAUTY.
FROM A PAINTING BY ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

AN AFTERNOON CALL ON TIVADAR NACHEZ.

It seemed brutal to interview the unhappy Tivadar Nachez—or Theodore, as we should call him—and none but a member of the gentler sex would have been so cruel as to persist. It was the day after one of his concerts, and as he lay back in his chair, pale and weary, I half relented; yet, when he assured me he was very much pleased to see me, I tried to believe in the sincerity of the speech, and “held the fort” till he began.

“Ah! Madame, do you know what ‘nerves’ are?”

“As I belong to the sex that invented them, I do. Nerves are a pretext for avoiding unpleasant tasks.”

He gave a groan, and gave way.

“Yes, Madame, I am tired, for, to prepare for yesterday’s concert, I practised, day after day, twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and yet, when I stood on the platform, I wondered whether I should get safely to the end of the programme.”

“Still, it was one of your most successful appearances in England.”

“When I am fairly started, I lose myself in music. Once only I feared I should break down. I had been commanded to play at Balmoral, and, on the point of starting for a nine-miles drive, a nasty blow to my ‘Strad’ nearly disabled it, and, though I repaired it as best I could, I felt thoroughly unnerved at the thought of playing on it before the Queen

own Sovereign, who so honestly love and appreciate music that they do not alarm me, but merely make me play better than usual. There are some—well, I—that is, I find myself greatly affected in tone, touch, and actual execution by the audience, and before some people would as soon play bagatelle as the violin.”

“Of course, you studied at the Vienna Conservatoire?”

“No; when fourteen years old, I went to Berlin under Joachim. Had I yet played in public? Once only, when I was seven, Liszt, who was a great friend of my father’s, gave a performance in aid of a charity, and I appeared as the ‘Little Wonder’ child.”

“But how is it your career as an infant prodigy so soon came to an end?”

“My father would not allow music to interfere with my college training, and it was only after I had obtained the State Scholarship that I studied the violin continuously.”

“Do you practise a great deal?”

“Oh, yes, and very often in the train, too, though I don’t collect pennies afterwards. In fact, if I do not practise regularly, like Paganini I find that first I notice it, then—”

“Please do not continue. I dare not serve that chestnut up again to *The Sketch*. But do you not find railway travelling very fatiguing?”

“It depends under what conditions I am travelling. If it is a fight against time, of course I get *énervée*. I remember once, just as I was appearing at a concert in Cork, receiving a telegram commanding my presence at Windsor Castle for the next evening. I was fortunate enough a few moments after leaving the concert-room to catch the mail for England, and, after travelling *sans arrêt*, I arrived at Clapham Junction just in time to miss the only train that could have reached Windsor at nine o’clock, the hour fixed for my appearance before the Queen. Without a moment’s hesitation, I ordered a special, but when I neared the royal borough I remembered that I was hungry, dirty, and in a travelling suit. I scarcely knew what to do till the guard, to whom I mentioned my dilemma, and who had already noticed I also was a brother Freemason, brought me soap and water. In a few minutes I was dressed, and at nine o’clock punctually entered the Castle, heavy in mind, but as light in body as an exciting Channel passage can render a man from a country with no seaboard. I did not dine before I had written a list of twenty pieces for the Queen to choose from.”

“It is the custom, I know; but isn’t that rather embarrassing sometimes for the artist who, like the traditional Bohemian with two shirts, has a wardrobe of one on and one off?”

“I may mention,” he said, “that in the hungry hazard of the moment I put down three of which my memory was by no means perfect, and, with the magnificent insight of Royalty, her Majesty condescended to select them. I felt a little like a conjurer when his confederate chooses a wrong card. However, I got through all right.”

I duly admired the pretty jewel which is a souvenir of the Channel passage and Windsor Castle, and was looking about the place with a keen eye—the eye of an interviewer in search of local colour—when I noticed his portrait by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, a very clever piece of work, a bust made many years ago by Belt, who once occupied so much of the valuable time of our judges, and a collection of royal souvenirs in the shape of scarf-pins, which only lacks one to be a baker’s dozen.



Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.
TIVADAR NACHEZ.

M. Raphael Roche, who accompanied me in the carriage—and on the piano—gave me every few minutes something tasteless and small—I scarcely knew what at the time, and at the end of the drive, when I made my bow to her Majesty, all feeling of nervousness had left me. That was my first experience of homeopathy, and since then I have become a confirmed follower of Hahnemann.”

“No doubt you belong to a musical family?”

“No; my father was an officer in the army, and I am the only one with a taste for music. My parents destined me for the law, and but for my strong natural taste I might be—”

“A bad lawyer, instead of a brilliant musician. Are you not a compatriot of Rákóczy, of Jókai, and of Kossuth?”

“Yes; I was born in Buda-Pest—in fact, it was the year the Emperor of Austria was crowned King of Hungary that I won my scholarship. His Majesty, in honour of his coronation, created four scholarships, all for the education of artists. Munkácsy won the prize for painting, Goldmark for composition, and—”

Here he stopped, for Nachez is remarkably reticent and modest in appreciation of his own talent, and willingly appears to forget his own brilliant career. However, I learnt from him that he has travelled much, and that he has played at many Courts: his numerous decorations prove the pleasure his violin has given to royal ears. I asked him how he liked to have crowned heads in his audience.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said, “Of course, it depends. There are some, like your Royal Family and the Emperor of Germany and my



TIVADAR NACHEZ AT THE AGE OF SIX.



TIVADAR NACHEZ AT THE AGE OF NINE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Those who have followed the course of Mr. George du Maurier's story in *Harper's Magazine*, "Trilby," which is, we suppose, now upon the brink of publication in book form, cannot fail to have been impressed by the illustrations which have accompanied the work, even more than by those which accompanied the artist's first novel, "Peter Ibbetson." It is in



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A FLEMISH GIRL.—GEORGE FLEMWELL.

the last section of the story that Mr. Du Maurier proves his peculiarly exquisite talent of illustration. Trilby dying mad, Trilby hastening, as it were, to death, are, in episodes, among the triumphs of modern sketching. Nothing could be more beautiful than the little composition, "My poor girl!" where Trilby, with something ineffable in her beauty, bends to greet the little Philistine woman. And scarcely less touching is that called "For Gecko," in which Trilby dangles a watch and chain over her fingers. If the letterpress of "Trilby" is better than that of "Peter Ibbetson" in proportion to the superiority of its illustration, the book ought indeed to achieve success. But we doubt if Mr. Du Maurier has accomplished the literary improvement as well as the artistic feat.

The reference to Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations to his new book naturally leads one back to the celebrated Whistler controversy, in which that great artist complained so bitterly of the treatment to which he had been subjected in black-and-white. We did not at the time quite understand the reason for Mr. Whistler's depth of bitterness, nor for the language to which that bitterness gave birth. Mr. Du Maurier, however much he may have originally been in the wrong, at all events walked out of the controversy with dignity and a quiet face, and it is only in accord with what we know of him that we now learn that he has withdrawn the sketches which were the original cause of offence.

And, speaking of Mr. Du Maurier, one is reminded that his friend—he has, indeed, according to "Atlas," been the chief counsellor in the matter—Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., following the example of the *Punch* artist, is booked for a series of lectures during the ensuing season. The lectures should be very interesting. For the present, Mr. Marks is engaged over the preparation of another exhibition of birds, or, as one might call it, another "Fowleries." Already, by dint of long and arduous work at the Zoological Gardens, he has finished some sixty

careful drawings in water-colours. The exhibition cannot fail to be interesting, for Mr. Marks is a humorist of considerable achievement, and when his birds are funny they are funny as birds, and not as mock caricatures of men.

The Filippino Lippi, which we recorded the other day as having been purchased for the National Gallery at Lady Eastlake's sale, is now hung, under the title of "The Virgin and Child with the Infant St. John," in the third of that gallery's historical rooms. It appears that when the picture was bought its condition was wretched to the last degree. It has, however, been to a large extent restored by the smoothing down of the pigment, which had been "flaked up." A Le Sueur, a common enough example of "The Holy Family," and not by any means even a good example of that artist's work, now hangs in Room XIV. of the National Gallery. The *Athenaeum* regards it rightly interesting, "if on no higher account, on historical considerations, and as illustrating the fossilisation of art in the academic decline."

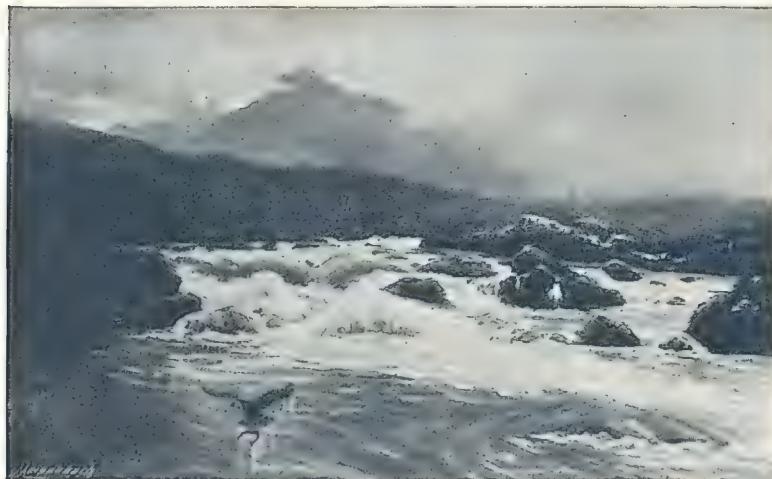
A somewhat extraordinary exhibition is now on view at 104, New Bond Street, where Mr. Turner shows a series of what he calls "Picture Poems in Porcelain," being a decorative series of washstands, dressing-tables, and other pleasant little objects which belong to such necessary wares. The only fault which we can find with Mr. Turner's extremely elegant compositions is that he has, in a mistaken effort of fancy, named his series by titles which are not only unconvincing, but which are in many cases quite grotesque. The marriage of the Duke of York, for example, as an arrangement in flowers, with an "old-gold rose" doing duty for the Archbishop of Canterbury, makes you laugh by reason of the absurd association of ideas. On the other hand, if you are inclined to look at the arrangement merely, and put away such thoughts as royal marriages and old-gold Archbishops, it would be impossible not to recognise that Mr. Turner's sense of line and curve is very refined and graceful, and that his colour is always good and sometimes exquisite. But it was a mistake to associate his design and the beauty of its incident with literary and wholly superfluous connections. Messrs. Oetmann are responsible for the decoration of the gallery, which is at once noble and impressive.



"YOUR FORTUNE FOR A PENNY."—LEONARD WATTS.
Exhibited at the Galler of the Royal Society of British Artists.

More sales! although the list is gradually decreasing and becoming, in its details, more and more infrequent. The older English school, however, still appears to triumph securely in point of popularity. A Romney at Christie's went the other day for over a thousand guineas, and a Morland fetched nearly 500 guineas, another Romney reaching the figure of nearly £600. There were other pictures by English painters which at the same sale realised quite respectable sums, so that, on the whole, the English movement seems likely in some manner to secure the enthusiasm which recently attended the sales of eminent Dutchmen.

As it were in sad harmony with the close of the artistic year, comes the news of many deaths among artists. First on the sad obituary list is M. Edmond Guillaume, who died in Paris a few days ago. He was a man quite eminent as a practical architect. Close upon seventy years of age at the time of his death, he began his career by securing the Grand Prix de Rome after he had completed his course at the École des Beaux Arts. He was nearly forty years of age when he obtained a medal at the Salon, and it was in 1866 that he gained the Legion of Honour, and immediately afterwards was appointed Inspector of the Palaces of St. Cloud and Malmaison. His career was completely distinguished, if a trifle academic in fact. In 1879 he became the architect of Versailles, and in 1881 he obtained the same post at the Louvre. Completing the circle of his career from its outset at the École des Beaux Arts, he retraced his steps three years ago to the same institution as Professor of the Theory of Architecture.



THE LITTLE POACHER.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

Second upon the obituary list comes M. Rougelet, who has just died of paralysis. It was only last year that he gained a medal at the Salon des Champs Elysées for his sculpture group representing Hero and Leander.



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POLPERRO, CORNWALL.—STUART LLOYD.

The third death to record is among the ranks of archeologists—Heinrich von Brum. He had passed his seventieth birthday, having been born, in fact, in 1822, and had spent a great part of his early career in Italy, keeping his head-quarters for the most part in Rome. When quite



LE GRAND CANAL, VENISE.—GASTON BETHUNE.

Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.

in the prime of life, he was appointed to the Professorship of Archaeology at Munich, where he began to win for himself a sound and solid reputation. This was largely enhanced by the publication of his

"Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler," which appeared in a two-volume form between the years 1853 and 1859, a second edition being called for thirty years later. He was, in fact, a voluminous writer, having published in his lifetime a quantity of very learned and accomplished works.



A BIT OF OLD ALBION.—FRITZ ALTHAUS.

M. Jacques Tissot, who exhibits this year a collection of water-colour designs illustrating the life of Christ, is a lucky man, so far as his pecuniary gain is concerned. A French firm has, it is announced, recently purchased the whole series for 1,100,000 francs. The sum is, of course, extraordinary; but, according to the Paris correspondent of the *World*, an English publishing house had already offered the sum of £60,000 for the drawings, a sum which was finally withdrawn, for the very English reason that they were too realistic. The same correspondent gives quite an interesting account of Tissot, who is declared to be a "very avuncular man," the kind of bachelor we all know, who behaves to an army of lady friends "with the semi-parental suavity of an affectionate uncle." M. Tissot belongs to that academic class which is well known in England—he is a wealthy seeker (and finder, too) of popularity.

“‘Cynicus’: His Humour and Satire” is a timely selection of the work of the draughtsman of Drury Lane. Hitherto, his works—“The Satires,” published in 1890; “The Humours,” in 1891; “Symbols and Metaphors,” in 1892; and “Cartoons, Social and Political,” last year—have appeared only in limited hand-coloured editions, and this makes the present selection, published at the cheap price of a shilling, all the



AUTUMN.—WILLIAM HUNT.

more valuable. The cover design, it may be said, is hand-tinted, after the manner of the first editions. “‘Cynicus’” stands by himself, and his peculiar power is always telling.

A statue of General Grant by Mr. William Ordway Partridge is to be erected in Washington, showing the General on horseback. The horse stands with the four feet firmly upon the ground; the right hind-foot back, the left forward, so as to give variety to the action; the head of the horse is bent slightly downward, giving a fine, strong curve to the neck, and indicating a certain restlessness, as if, like the war-horse in Job, he were anxious for the fray. Grant sits stolidly in the saddle,

LE HÉROS (ESSAI DÉCORATIF).—G. ROCHEGROSSE.
Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.MOONRISE.—F. HAMILTON JACKSON.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

looking to the left and far in front of him, studying the problem of the moment, unconscious and fearless of the tumult which is going on about him. The anxiety of the horse is to contrast with the stolidity of the man of iron will and unfaltering determination.

The show of Fair Women at the Grafton Gallery has proved so great a success that it is to be kept open longer than the directors originally intended. But the Grafton does not monopolise the beauties of a bygone day, for Mr. J. Ichenhäuser, of 68, New Bond Street, has

NARCISSE (ESSAI DÉCORATIF).—G. ROCHEGROSSE.
Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.

brought together a little collection of portraits by the most famous painters, four of which we reproduce on the following page. The Marquis of Blandford, represented along with his sister, was the son of the great Duke, and is a good specimen of Lely's work, while the portrait of the Duchess of Bedford is an admirable specimen of a Reynolds.

“Then Lamia breathed death-breath: the sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly.”—KEATS.
WILLIAM HUNT.

A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.

From Ichenhäuser's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

NELL GWYNNE.—SIR PETER LELY.



THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD AND HIS SISTER.—SIR PETER LELY.



LA PRINCESSE DE CONDÉ.—NICOLAS DE LARGILLIÈRE.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"DEUCED FUNNY!"

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



1 The Pansies had always been thoughtful. They determined to open a school, so that the flowers might no longer deserve the reproach that they cared for nothing but their beauty.



2 The Bees kindly consented to leave the notices of the opening of the school as they went their rounds.



3 The Snowdrops & the Primroses were the first to arrive, & behaved so well that the Pansies were quite delighted with their venture.



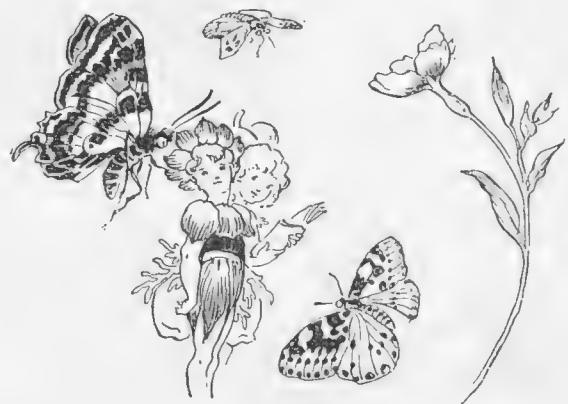
4 But the Daisies were very troublesome. They would not learn anything but painting, so that they could paint their petals pink.



5 This caused quarrels too with the Anemones, who said that they had the sole right to pink-edged dresses.



6 Then the Poppies always went to sleep over their lessons.



7 And the Butterflies would interrupt, and disturb the classes.



8 But the coming of the tall white Lilies was helpful to the patient Pansies, quarrelling was felt to be unseemly in their presence.



9 And upon a capable door-keeper being engaged the Butterflies interfered no more.

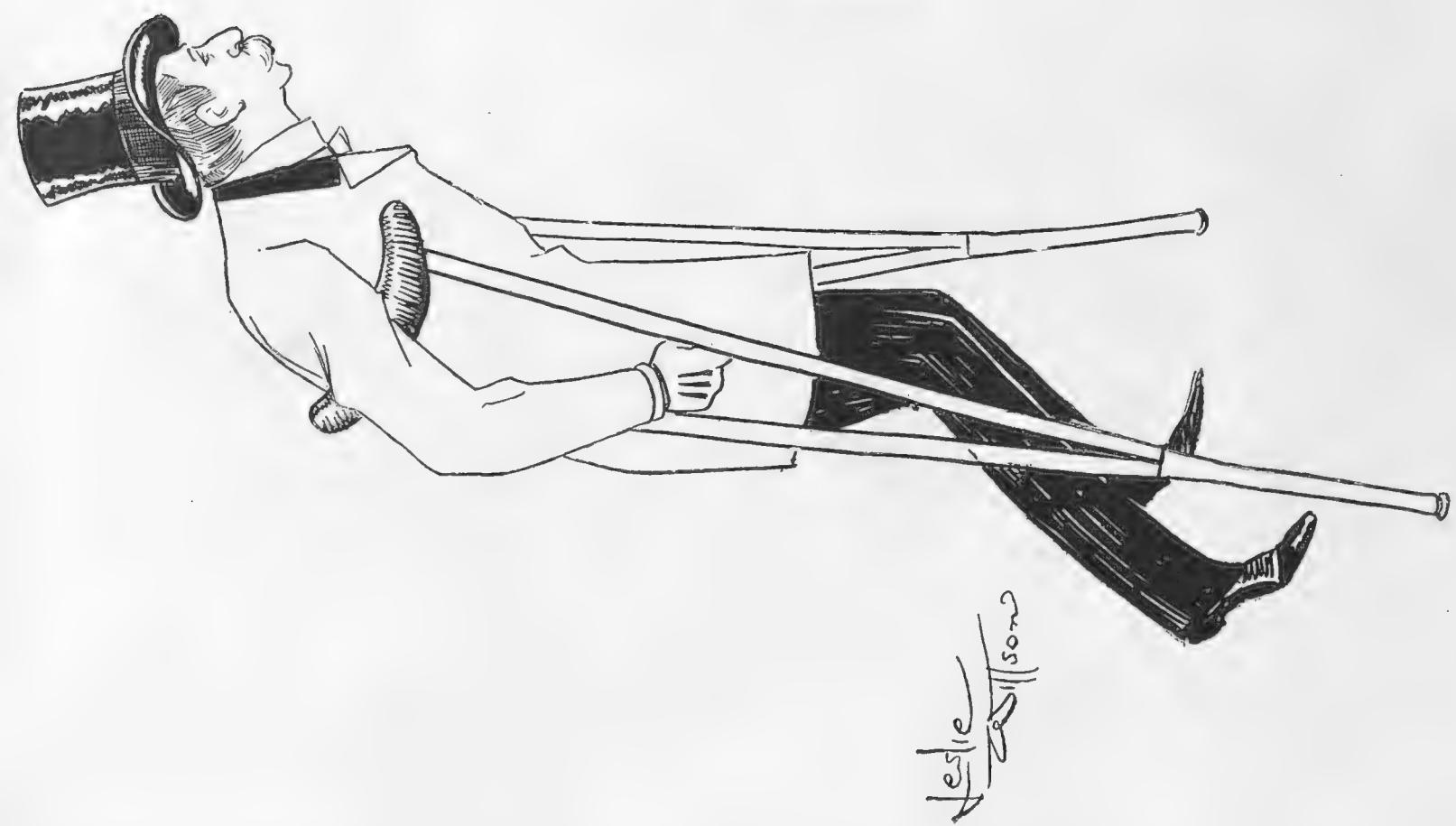


10 Then, when Queen Rose herself came to attend the first examination day, the Pansies was universally pronounced a great success.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

MISS FAREBROTHER : "Good gracious ! Mr. Gashley, whatever has done this for you ? Railway accident ? "

MR. GASHLEY : "No ; tourist ticket. Europe in eight days, you know."





"Can you tell me the way to Warcham, please?"

"Well, Missie, I guess you knows the way to wear 'em much better nor me."



THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME OF —
“Oh, I s’y, ‘Arry, luk ’ere ! ‘Ere’s two ole blokes plyin’ marbles wiv walkin'-sticks ! ”

FROM THE SUNNY SPANISH SHORE.

Mr. Hardy was in Algeciras, under the shadow of Gibraltar, when he made these sketches. Algeciras is a very picturesque town—one blaze of white walls, carnations, and the most lovely flowers and plants. The spirit of the Moor lingers in the place. All day long the tinkling of the mule bells and the cries of the water-carriers resound from the crowded streets. On green balconies the flutter of scarlet fans is an ever-moving blaze of colour. "Spain," says Mr. Hardy, "is, without doubt, the country for the painter—and the loafer."



ASKING FOR A LIGHT.



A MULETEER.



THE DOCTOR AND SCHOOLMASTER.



NENE, BULL-FIGHTER OF CORDOVA.

NOTEVEA, THE FAMOUS BULL-FIGHTER,
PLAZA DE TOROS, MADRID.

MENDICANTS.

THE OLDEST STAGE-DOOR KEEPER IN LONDON.

I was sitting in the cosiest stage-door keeper's room in London—that of the *Globe*—talking to the stage-door keeper, who is oldest in service. A kettle sang a cheerful tune upon the hob, a lucky horse-shoe surmounted the door, a jet-black Spitz dog dozed at his master's feet, while “the theatre cat,” in amicable juxtaposition, lay curled before the fire.

“There isn't another room to touch it in town,” said Mr. Holloway, “as I ought to know, if anybody, for I've been in a good many theatres during my time. There's only one man who's been in harness as long as I have, and that's Mr. Gilbert, of the *Haymarket*. I wouldn't change with anyone, for I've got the three principal blessings a stage-door keeper's supposed to ask for in his prayers—a good governor, a good theatre, and a successful piece. Perhaps you wouldn't think a stage-door keeper need care whether a play goes well or not; but I'll tell you



MR. HOLLOWAY IN HIS ROOM AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

how it affects him. In the first place, if the piece is all right, we're sure the ghost will walk of a Saturday night. A theatre is the only sort of house that I shouldn't like living in unless it was ‘haunted.’ In the second place, we feel more comfortable taking our screw if we know the master's making plenty of money and has got nothing to worry about. Besides all that, we like to see cheerful faces around us. We get to like the faces, too, as we know 'em, or dislike 'em, as the case may be, though we don't say much about it.

“Once, for instance, a lady, a member of the company at the theatre where I was, and a great favourite, was taken ill during rehearsals of a new piece. A stranger was got in in a hurry, and, though it wasn't her fault, everybody seemed to bear her a grudge for stepping into the place where another ought to have been. I know I used to answer without so much as a pleasant look when she bade me ‘Good evening’ at first; but she had a smile and a way of speaking a civil word or two that would have softened the heart of a—of a—glancing about for a smile, until his eyes fell upon the Spitz—“of a dog. She wasn't pretty, but you got to thinking her a beauty before you knew where you were. I began to hope she'd make a success in the play, and when she did, and everybody was talking about her, I don't know that I could have been much better pleased if she'd been my own daughter. That was years ago, and there ain't many actresses more thought of in the profession than she is now, but she sends me a Christmas card to this day. I should like to tell you her name, but perhaps she'd rather it wasn't mentioned.”

“You must have curious experiences sometimes?” I said.

“Curious ain't half the word for it. Like enough, people outside the profession don't think about us at all, or see the necessity hardly for stage-door keepers. We're to the theatre something like salt is to the soup. Nobody remembers us, and we're not of much importance in ourselves; but the soup and the theatre couldn't do very well without us. We don't have time to see much of our families. Mine comes to call on me once in a while, and has tea with me. I cook all my meals here, you see. But about those curious experiences you asked me for. Most of them come from outside—from the people who want to get in, and won't take ‘No’ for an answer. Sometimes it's hard to refuse, but our rules in a theatre are strict. Nobody is allowed to go past my window in the hall there without permission from the master or stage-manager, though they do try it on occasionally.”

“Not very long ago, two gentlemen came round here one evening, and the older one said to me, trying to slip some money into my hand, ‘You see who we are,’ and would have passed on. I looked at them sharp, and, bless me! if you couldn't have knocked me down with a feather. I thought it was the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. I didn't see how they happened to be at the stage-door and unattended, but it might have been a lark, and I didn't know what to do. It was the first time I ever came near breaking a rule, but I managed to keep my presence of mind, and said I must keep them until I could get someone to show them the way. That wouldn't do for them, though; they said they knew the way. But when they saw I stood firm they began to laugh, and the one made up for the Prince took off his beard. Then I knew him in a minute, and the Duke, too, as soon as I thought. They'd tried to play me a fine trick, but I rather think I came out ahead on that deal, after all.

“Where a stage-door keeper has the worst trouble is in a theatre where a lot of pretty young girls are employed—like the *Gaiety*, for instance. There is always a crowd of silly boys, and some, too, that were boys a long time ago, trying to dodge him and get the better of him. But none of that kind have ever managed to do me yet. I'm getting old now—I was born in '32—but I'm a big man, and I've got strength enough for two of my size. I've had to ‘down’ a good many such ‘Johnnies,’ as I call 'em, in my time, and I'm equal to doing it again. If you've happened to notice, most stage-door keepers are large men. They must be able to win respect, or they are no good for the place. A fellow comes along, and says he wants to see someone in the theatre. The stage-door keeper sees he means bluff. ‘It can't be done, Sir,’ says he. ‘I'm going in,’ blusters the Johnnie, who, perhaps, has had some champagne, and he tries to push past. The stage-door keeper holds him back. If the Johnnie resists, he finds himself taken by the shoulders, lifted out, and the door shut in his face. Sometimes he threatens to call the police, but, of course, he never does.

“Another bother we have is with the young women—men, too, occasionally, but mostly women—who want to go on the stage, and come to the theatre asking to see the master. Unless they have an appointment with him, he never sees them, of course: it would take him all his time if he did. We say he's out, or busy, or can't see anyone that day, as the case may be; but the wily ways of some of these misguided young females is a caution. They offer to wait all day. They try to bribe me, all the way from two bob to a sovereign, to be let into his office, or even the green-room, if they come during a performance. They seem to think all that's necessary is to be seen and they'd be sure to be engaged, for they all believe themselves clever or beautiful, poor things.

“Oh, yes; there's a good reason why you never see a very young man acting as stage-door keeper! The girls would get round him, if the men couldn't. And another thing, he wouldn't have the patience, for we have to be in our place from nine in the morning till half-past eleven at night, and we never get any holidays, not even on Sundays, like other folks. When a theatre's closed up we are put on half-pay, so there, you see, is still another reason while we are glad to see a play succeed.

“But to go back to queer experiences, I've had a few with fainting people. Some ladies make a point of fainting on the first night of a new piece. Of course, such things don't come under a stage-door keeper's observation as a rule, but as I'm strong I've been called pretty often to carry them to their dressing-rooms. One time a lady was keeping a scene waiting, while the people were making up lines out of their heads on the stage and going nearly distracted. I'd never liked the lady much, for I thought she was ‘tricky,’ and I was sure she was shamming this time, to make herself seem important. So I said in a loud voice, ‘I'm going to empty this fire-bucket over her—perhaps that'll bring her to!’ Her eyes began to blink, then she opened them and moaned, ‘Where am I?’ like the ladies in the novels. In two minutes more she was on the stage.”

“I think you said you had seen service in several theatres?” I asked.

“Yes, I have. I was at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Baneroff, though not as doorkeeper—I took that position under Edgar Bruce. I've been at the *Opéra Comique*, the *Olympic* (the oldest theatre in London), the *Royalty*, and the *Globe*.”

“Two or three of the theatres you speak of have the name of being ‘unlucky,’ have they not?”

“Some of them were unlucky for me; but that's all nonsense. If there's a good play and good acting, a theatre will be lucky enough. I'm not superstitious, unless you can call it that to like seeing a black cat walk into a theatre on the first night of a new piece. One did for ‘Charley's Aunt,’ and we all got very much attached to the little creature. As I was telling you, I like the *Globe* Theatre far and away better than any other where I've been. Most stage-door keeper's rooms ain't much better than rabbit-hutches, and at Terry's they forgot to make one altogether; so they had to build on a draughty little shed outside. Queer, wasn't it? But not so queer as the theatre in Manchester, where the architect forgot the dressing-rooms. He took the ridicule so to heart that he killed himself soon after, I heard, poor chap!”

At this moment a pretty young woman in a new summer gown appeared at the little window. “Is Mr. Penley in?” she sweetly inquired.

Mr. Holloway shrugged his shoulders, gazing sadly at me as much as to say, “You remember what I told you?”

I shut up my notebook and echoed his sigh.

A. L.

MR. ROWLAND WARD.

Undoubtedly, "familiarity breeds contempt," otherwise my host couldn't have displayed the cool indifference which distinguished him as we sat



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.
MR. ROWLAND WARD.

at luncheon, while all the time the jungle around us was teeming with wild beasts, ferociously thirsting, as my imagination pictured them, for our blood. As to myself, being a very susceptible subject, I was readily infected with his callousness to danger, and my behaviour, I hope, passed for real bravery. Possibly, I was a little sceptical as to the presence of the savage brutes, for Nature struck me as being strangely silent, yet I had been creditably assured that game abounded in the neighbourhood; besides, I remembered that I was seated in the midst of Mr. Rowland Ward's own "preserves," which enjoy a world-wide reputation among sportsmen. Presently, it occurred to me to congratulate him on having kept a whole skin amidst so many lurking dangers, but I resisted the temptation, as being a remark too pointed to be made to the St. Pelagius of Piccadilly.

"You must know that what I really wanted to be when I left school was a sculptor," Mr. Ward remarked as we settled down to cigars in his pleasant snugger, where sporting prints, water-colours, and photographs join hands with French and Italian bronzes, inlaid furniture, and exquisite embroideries. "At school I was always casting the boys' feet and hands, and when I left I got several commissions for the modelling of hands and making of

coloured busts. In course of time I founded this business, my father and grandfather having been fine naturalists, and having done so, you can easily understand that I turned my love of modelling to profitable account, imparting to my specimens as much verisimilitude to Nature as possible in pose, expression, and the characteristic features of the animal under treatment. Hitherto taxidermists had, to a great extent, been content to sew up a skin and stuff it so that it presented as much idea of a living creature as an animal out of a child's Noah's Ark, But I was determined to make my trade an artistic one, by taking Nature on every occasion as my teacher."

"And you have certainly succeeded; but I am interrupting your story."

"Frequently I model in clay a group in miniature, as, for instance, these lions engaged in a death struggle," he explained, as he placed a charming clay study before me. "This serves to show my workpeople what I want done. Then a sort of framework of wood and iron rods is constructed, and over it is built up a model, and this is covered with a composition, and while it is still wet the skin is placed on it, and the finer modelling of the wrinkles, veins, and expressions is put in. Then the eyes, lips, gums, and tongue are the closest of imitations possible. What I had been doing for many years with individual specimens I displayed collectively in a grand trophy at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, where a highly realistic jungle scene was represented to the minutest detail."

"Oh, yes; I remember it perfectly. It was quite a revelation to the world of the high degree of excellence in the artistic grouping of the flora and fauna of the tropical countries to which taxidermy could attain. And you have turned your craft to utilitarian purposes, have you not, in mounting?"

"Yes; but I don't want to turn your visit into an advertisement, so we will pass over the lampstands, &c."

"*Imprimis* you are the naturalist—quite so, I understand. Well, I suppose, Mr. Ward, you receive a considerable quantity of 'stuff' at times?"

"Yes, at times, but nothing to what we used to get. As, when formerly we received van-loads from the great hunting-grounds in America, we may now be said to get only a cabful, with a few pairs of horns. Why, frequently we would have, perhaps, sixty rhinoceroses and 300 grizzly bears consigned to us from one shooting party alone. But the march of civilisation is very injurious to our business, for lions and the larger mammalia are yearly diminishing in number; indeed, it is chiefly only from the 'fly' country and the fever-infested districts that game is now obtainable. It is very noticeable how game increases where trade languishes. For example, the Soudan, which our Government, somehow or other, refuses to open up, is at the present moment full of game, it having increased these last few years. It should be reached *via* Abyssinia."

"Of course, you have at times exceedingly rare specimens sent you, as, for instance—"

"Well, off-hand, without referring to my work on the 'Horn



THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

Photo by Russ. U, Baker Street, W.

Measurements of the Great Game of the World,' I may omit some that I would like to mention. However, some of our rarest receipts have been Marco Polo's sheep (*Ovis Poli*) from Tibet, shot by the Earl of Dunmore and Mr. St. George Littledale; Jackson's haartebeest, killed by the late Sir Gerald Portal in Uganda; a musk-ox (*Ovibus moschatus*), which fell to Mr. Warburton Pike's rifle in Arctic North America. Lately we received a new kind of zebra and some novel species of giraffe from the Somali country."

The first "white" rhinoceros which has ever reached this country has been preserved by Mr. Ward. It was shot last July by Mr. R. T. Coryndon, who says the white rhino is all but extinct now, thanks to the enormous amount of good eating he carries about with him. Mr. Coryndon was fortunate enough to find a couple of these rare animals quietly grazing together, and now one goes to the Natural History Museum and the other to swell the big private collection of the Hon. Walter Rothschild at Tring. The white rhinos are the second largest mammals in the world. The one in Piccadilly stands over 6 ft., and the largest "black" on record was 4 ft. 10 in. in height. The front horn is also very long, and on it can be seen the marks made by the hunter when he sharpened his knife on it to cut the tough skin, which in places is three inches thick. Seven bullets were required to give the animal his quietus, and when cutting him up for transport and cleaning his skeleton four old lead bullets and two hammered-iron ones were found, so it was evident that he had been through the wars before. One other difference between



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

INTERIOR OF MR. WARD'S SHOW-ROOM.

this and the black sort is in the shape of the mouth. The white rhino has a huge square jaw, and equally long, straight, and square india-rubber-like lips, whereas the black rhino has a prehensile upper lip.

"Your *clientèle* must be very large, Mr. Ward?" I remarked.

"Yes, indeed. People seem to like our work, and send to us from all parts of the world, from the Prince of Wales downwards. We have done a good deal for the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Boris of Russia, Mr. F. C. Selous, Mr. Astor Chandler, and Lord Delamere, who sent thirty lions from Somaliland."

"You don't approve of arsenical preservative or of native 'cures,' I believe?"

"Good gracious, no! We have not used any poisonous substance for fully twenty years. I recommend alum and carbolic acid for preserving the skins of mammalia, fishes, reptiles—in England we use alum on the bones alone; but for birds I advocate the free use of my own specific, 'Taxidermine,' while against the ravages of insects on skins nothing beats turpentine, provided there be no metallic lustre on the feathers. For transporting the hides of big animals, where it can be procured, a pickle of alum and salt answers admirably. The monster elephant shot by the Duke of Edinburgh arrived here perfectly fresh in a cask filled with these diluted constituents."

"And you have, I suppose, like everyone else, some tastes outside your profession?"

"Oh, yes; I am fond of photography. Those views of Egypt and Algeria on the walls represent a few of many I took—some considerably out of the beaten track of travellers. Then, I used to be fond of boating when I had a place near Maidenhead. At that time I speculated a good deal in canoes. I must have imported some hundreds of bass-wood canoes from Canada, which, by my having them built of sizes to fit into one another, I had brought over to this country with the greatest economy."

Then we discussed a variety of subjects, more fully treated of in "The Sportsman's Handbook," having reference to sport, including the advantages of light rifles, provided sureness of aim and a knowledge of the locality where fatal shots should be planted are possessed by the hunter, and these are demonstrated in the work; and so I wound up a very pleasant interview by a visit to the show-room, where every beast, bird, and reptile were posed so naturally as to suggest a hasty retreat before the shades of night overtook me and wakened them into life.

T. H. L.

BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

VI.—TURNED OUT TO GRASS.

"I don't agree with you at all," said the Secretary, warmly. He was addressing the Honorary Member, who had advanced the paradox that golf was the better game, as it could be played later in life.

"The old cricketer does not ask for anyone's pity. I enjoy my Saturday afternoons now, watching the young ones come on, quite as much as when I was in active service myself."

"That's very well," said the Treasurer, "when a man stands voluntarily on one side; but when he finds himself superannuated, as he thinks, years before his time, the position of onlooker is less easy. A man, Barlow, that I used to meet in business was a case in point. At one time he had been the very backbone of a large club and the idol of a whole suburb. It had been no uncommon thing for him to be cheered in the Broadway of a Saturday evening, and whenever he was given out 'leg before wicket' the local gallery accused the umpire of foul play. As time went on his achievements dropped off somewhat, and the space, when he stooped, between his fingers and the turf increased year by year. One day the ex-champion found himself shunted. A new captain had arisen, who had discovered that the effort to find suitable places in the field for five cricketers who could neither run nor throw was aging him before his time; so the team was reorganized, and the old war-horse turned out to grass. Barlow might still have got games occasionally, but he was too proud to put his name down in the book. Repeated disaster, he thought, would show the club its mistake, and the Committee would come to him in the end hat in hand. Under the influence of this hope, his character as a sportsman deteriorated considerably, and when the batting of the side broke down, as it did occasionally, his satisfaction was only partially concealed. Little by little he got out of the way of practising, and took to cultivating a liver instead, and, although in the spring-time he still dreamed of heading the batting lists again, his career was generally looked upon as definitely at an end."

"At last, by accident, he found a place in the best match on the card. The M.C.C. had arrived upon the ground with twelve men, and it had been hurriedly determined to play that number upon each side.

"It was a baking hot day; the scoring was heavy, and Barlow, who was last upon the list, did not get in until ten minutes to seven. He was told to play for a draw, and the Captain primed him with needlessly minute directions for accomplishing this task. The veteran was irritated. He lashed out savagely at the very first ball and lifted it into the road-six. Encouraged by the shouts that greeted this feat, he took his block six inches beyond the crease and started to force the game. In spite of phenomenal hitting and the most frantically short runs, the last ball was delivered with the M.C.C. still four runs to the good. Barlow pulled it round in the direction of long leg. Had it reached the boundary, the match would have ended in a tie, but it stopped about five yards short, and every spectator stood up and shouted himself hoarse, while the two batsmen raced madly up and down the wicket. A couple of sprinters would have got the runs for certain, but one of the men was shockingly out of condition, and had already done more than he should. Turning for the fourth run, Barlow felt something give way, and he was rather relieved than otherwise to find, as he reached the other end, that the ball was almost in the wicket-keeper's hands. 'Come on!' screamed his speedier partner, now only a few yards behind him. Barlow turned, like the hero he was, and toiled once more up the pitch. How slowly he travelled! He heard the wicket behind him put down, and the appeal given in the batsman's favour. He was nearly home when the ball overtook him. He stumbled on to his hands and knees, but the bowler fumbled for a second, and before he could knock off the bails the veteran had rolled over the crease and the great match was won.

"You may reckon that both men came in for a tremendous reception when they returned to the Pavilion; but Barlow walked straight into the dressing-room without speaking to a soul. Then he broke out, and his voice was thick, like that of a man consumed by passion, 'What did the fellows mean by the way they had spoken to him when he went in? Did they think he did not know what to do without their assistance? A lot of stuck-up schoolboys! A parcel—' And then, without any warning, he fell heavily on the floor.

"At that moment, the Captain, who had watched the finish of the game from underneath the screen, was walking across the ground to ask Barlow to play in the eleven for the remainder of the season. 'He should never have been left out,' he meditated uneasily. He was shoving his way through the crowd that had gathered in front of the Pavilion, whose cries of 'Well plied, Barlow!' and eulogistic cat-calls were mingled with expressions of impatience at the delay in having these tributes acknowledged, when a scared face looked out from the dressing-room and asked them to go away. The Old Crock lay dead."

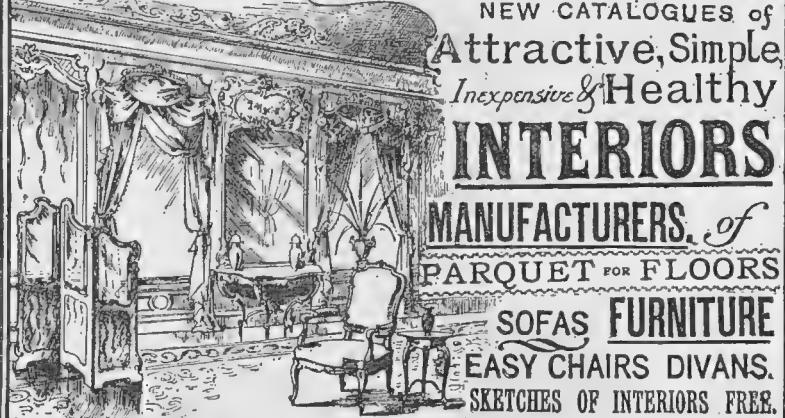
B. A. CLARKE.

CAUTIOUS.

RAGGED HAGGARD (*who has been reading an almanac*): "Dis is funny! If a Chinaman saves a man's life, he is compelled by law to support him de rest of his days."

WEARY WALKER: "Huh! It's 'bout de same in dis country. If you save an innercent maiden from drowndin', you're expected to marry her. I've quit goin' to de seashore, jest on dat account."—*Puck*.

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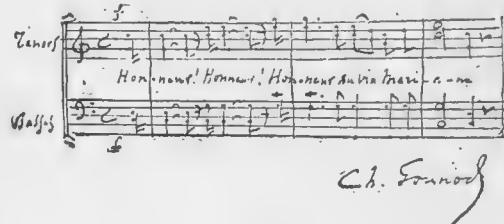
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A FAMOUS FRENCH PIANIST.

MADAME ROGER-MICLOS.

Madame Roger-Miclos, who has delighted large audiences this season at her pianoforte recitals with the fire of her genius and her marvellous execution, is a native of Toulouse. Even from the age of four she showed an intense love of music, so much so that it frequently moved her to tears, child as she was. A few years later she entered the Conservatoire of Toulouse as pupil, carrying off, when she was ten, the first prize. Rubinstein heard her at the time, and he said, "Mark my words, one of



Photo by Dumas, Paris.

MADAME ROGER-MICLOS.

these days that child Marie Miclos will be among the *virtuosi* of our time. She has an individuality which must bring her to the front." No more realistic picture of her talent can be drawn than that of the little lady giving music lessons in her native city at the age of twelve with all the grave air of a learned professor. When she was thirteen her mother was offered an engagement to tour America, but she wisely resisted the temptation, as her object was to make her child an artist, and not an itinerant infant prodigy. The next year Marie Miclos had the misfortune to lose her devoted parent, but, pursuing her known wishes, the little musician entered the Paris Conservatoire and attended Madame Massart's class. That same year she carried off the second prize, and the following year put her in possession of the highest honour. Since that time she may be said to have grown in success as her talent developed. At the Colonne and the Lamoureux Concerts—indeed, in every town in France—she became as much loved for herself as she was admired for her talent. It is only during the last five years that she has given other countries the benefit of her powers—that is to say, only since the death of her husband.

Madame Roger-Miclos opened her foreign campaign at Monte Carlo. Thence she went to Antwerp and Brussels, where she was received with tremendous ovations. Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna endorsed the previous verdicts, assigning her a place in the very front rank of pianoforte performers, and when she came to London, and first appeared at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, she was applauded with a furore quite overwhelming—indeed, she cannot now recall the occasion without emotion. The reception with which the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Saint-Saëns were greeted nightly by over 6000 persons at her hands thoroughly convinced her of the love of the English people for good music, and encouraged her to accept an engagement to appear under Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace for three seasons, so popular was her style and the judicious selection of the

works performed. However, to students and the real votaries of classical music no greater treat could be provided than she gives in her recitals.

One cannot resist the marvellous magnetism of her personality, in the first place, as she is seen seated at the piano. Her dark hair is arranged in two flat bands over the classically-shaped head. Her expression as she plays seems to reflect the varying current of thought which the music calls up, and her blue eyes look even black with the intensity of their piercing lustre. Then her playing is so powerful, so full of passion, and so replete with truly artistic feeling. She carries her audience away as she herself seems to be transported, and that is one of the secrets of her success, in that she can make herself so really sympathetic. It is also a main factor in her system of teaching, as her pupils become infected with her own ardour. Two strong characteristics of her playing are her marvellous *attaque* and her perfect appreciation of the proper use of the pedal. And she has been a great benefactress to music. It was Madame Roger-Miclos who first made the works of modern writers acceptable to the Société des Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire. She inaugurated special historical concerts; she organised meetings for the sole purpose of making known to the world the works of lady composers; she was the first in Paris to perform the gems of Grieg's music; her *concerts-conférences* maintained a love of classical music; while her efforts bred a love of writers English, Russian, Norwegian, till then very imperfectly understood. To Madame Roger-Miclos the music publishers especially owe a great deal for her enterprise in bringing into popularity so much new music. And what a musical memory she has! It is quite as extensive as her huge repertory. Madame Roger-Miclos is very fond of England and the English, so there is every hope that she will pay us frequent visits.

THE LATE SURGEON PARKE.

The statue of the late Surgeon Parke which Mr. Percy Wood has executed will be a distinct adornment to Dublin, where it is to be erected on a large scale in bronze. The splendid services which Surgeon Parke rendered to his country at Abu Klea, Assouan, Metemmeh, and in the



Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

THE LATE SURGEON PARKE.—PERCY WOOD.

Nile Campaign had well deserved a fuller recognition than they received. But these formed only a part of his claim, being but the precursors of the gallant services which he subsequently rendered on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

All good cricketers will be rejoiced to hear that George Lohmann has definitely decided to come to England next summer. In a recent letter to one of the Surrey team he speaks as if his health were completely restored, and his medical adviser has given him permission to indulge in his favourite pastime again.

Surrey cricket without George Lohmann is somewhat like the Shaksperian play without the Prince. It is rather remarkable that from the year Lohmann joined Surrey until he was compelled to stand down on account of ill-health the South London club was at the head of affairs in the county championship. The very first season that Surrey lacked Lohmann's services they fell from their proud estate. One can easily imagine the reception "our splendid George" will receive when he once more makes his appearance at the Oval. How the "ropes" will rise at him, and how the Pavilion will shout itself hoarse! It will be a great day for Surrey.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this season's cricket has been the success of what up till the present year have been considered second-class counties. I refer more particularly to Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire, for, unfortunately, Essex have not risen to first-class form, although first-class in name. In order to convey an idea of the relative positions of all the thirteen first-class counties, I give a table which shows exactly how they stood a week ago—

	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	POINTS.
Yorkshire	...	17	...	11	4
Surrey	...	16	...	10	4
Warwickshire	...	11	...	6	1
Middlesex	...	10	...	7	3
Leicestershire	...	5	...	3	1
Kent	...	9	...	5	4
Derbyshire	...	8	...	3	4
Somerset	...	9	...	3	5
Lancashire	...	13	...	5	7
Notts	...	13	...	4	7
Essex	...	6	...	0	5
Gloucestershire	...	10	...	2	8
Sussex	...	11	...	2	8

A committee of the M.C.C. is supposed to be considering the whole question of county qualification, and it will be a great surprise if the result of its labours does not end in a pronouncement that at least twelve of the first-class counties should compete for championship honours. All that would be necessary to bring about this desirable consummation would be for the nine favoured counties to arrange home-and-home fixtures with Leicestershire, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire. On this season's form, I am afraid Essex will require to wait a little longer.

It is amazing how a single day of hard wickets affords a sufficient excuse for batsmen of all classes to blossom out into century scores. Among the more notable of these were Hayward's 113 against Somersetshire, without a chance; Lockwood's 127 against Warwickshire, with any number of unaccepted chances; and Alfred Ward's masterly innings against poor old Gloucester.

At the time of writing, Mr. Stoddart has not quite completed the English team he is to take out to Australia next month. I understand he is still hankering after one or two amateurs, especially Mr. Jackson, of Yorkshire, and Mr. L. C. H. Palairet. I understand that both these gentlemen have been asked, but do not see their way to take the trip. It will probably end in Mr. Stoddart requesting the services of Abel and Brockwell, both of whom would immensely strengthen the batting side of the team. I hear, also, that Gunn, who has not been in the best of health lately, would be glad to go on a farewell visit. So it appears there is no lack of talent at the Middlesex amateur's disposal. No fewer than five matches have been arranged between England and Combined Australia.

Yorkshire are paying dearly for insisting on and persisting in playing on that bad wicket at Bramall Lane, Sheffield. They lost their match against Surrey on that pitch, and the other day Derbyshire gave the champions an awful doing on the same enclosure. The Derbyshire bowling in this match gives an extra analysis. In the first innings Davidson captured eight wickets for 33, and in the second innings Hulme did even better with nine for 27. One can only blame the wicket for these results, for everywhere else on the same day batsmen had attained a mastery over the bowlers.

We are now in the middle of Canterbury Week, the most glorious cricket festival of the season. To-morrow Yorkshire will measure their strength against Kent. It will be remembered that the first fixture between these counties had to be abandoned altogether owing to rain. I have no doubt the champions will attract an immense crowd to the pretty enclosure known as St. Lawrence Ground.

It is a pleasing duty to congratulate Sussex on obtaining two victories in one week, after a tremendous run of ill-luck. It is exactly twenty years since Sussex could claim a victory over the Notts men. At that time Alfred Shaw was in the Notts eleven, while the other week he played for Sussex against his native county. Shaw, who is in his

fifty-second year, is off with his patron, Lord Sheffield, for a tour in Norway. He will play no more first-class cricket this year, at least. The victory of Sussex over Kent was even more unexpected and more decisive than that over Notts, especially as the hop county had just defeated Surrey, Middlesex and Gloucester meet at Clifton to-morrow for Painter's benefit, while Surrey travel to Taunton to meet Somerset.

GOLF.

Several golfing writers have been very indignant because C. B. Fry, the Oxonian, spoke of the royal and ancient game as "glorified croquet" to an *English Illustrated Magazine* interviewer. Why make a fuss over a casual expression falling carelessly from the lips of the young fellow, who really knows nothing about the game? Besides, the phrase "glorified croquet" is probably older than Mr. Fry himself.

Since Andrew Kirkaldy threw out his challenge to the world all sorts of difficulties appear to have arisen about the making of a match. There is no lack of acceptors; but the difficulty is to suit the principals, each of whom, of course, wishes to play over his favourite green. For my part, it seems to be ridiculous that Kirkaldy should not meet Taylor over two greens—one in Scotland and one in England—say, St. Andrews and Westward-Ho for preference.

Record-breaking has become almost as common in golf as in cycling. It seems only the other day since Mr. Horace Hutchinson scored a record at Raynes Park by going round in 80; yet this score has since been beaten by Munro, the professional of the Mid-Surrey Club, who went round in 78. It will fall lower before very long.

CYCLING.

Wheeling men will be interested to learn that the new track at Catford is now in active course of construction. The new grounds, which will be devoted to many branches of sport, are within a few miles of both Catford stations, and supposed to cover fifteen acres. A modern cycling track is to be laid down, three laps to the mile, although it has not been stated whether cement or wood will form the basis of construction.

Frank W. Shorland, who broke all the world's records at Herne Hill on the recent occasion of the twenty-four hours' race, had a remarkable reception on his return to New Southgate. A band met him at the station, and the hero of the day was drawn through the principal streets of the locality. It will be remembered that Frank Shorland covered 460 miles 1296 yards. M. Huret's record stands at 457½ miles. Last year the winner covered 426½ miles.

OLYMPIAN.



DOG DAYS.—DUDLEY HARDY.

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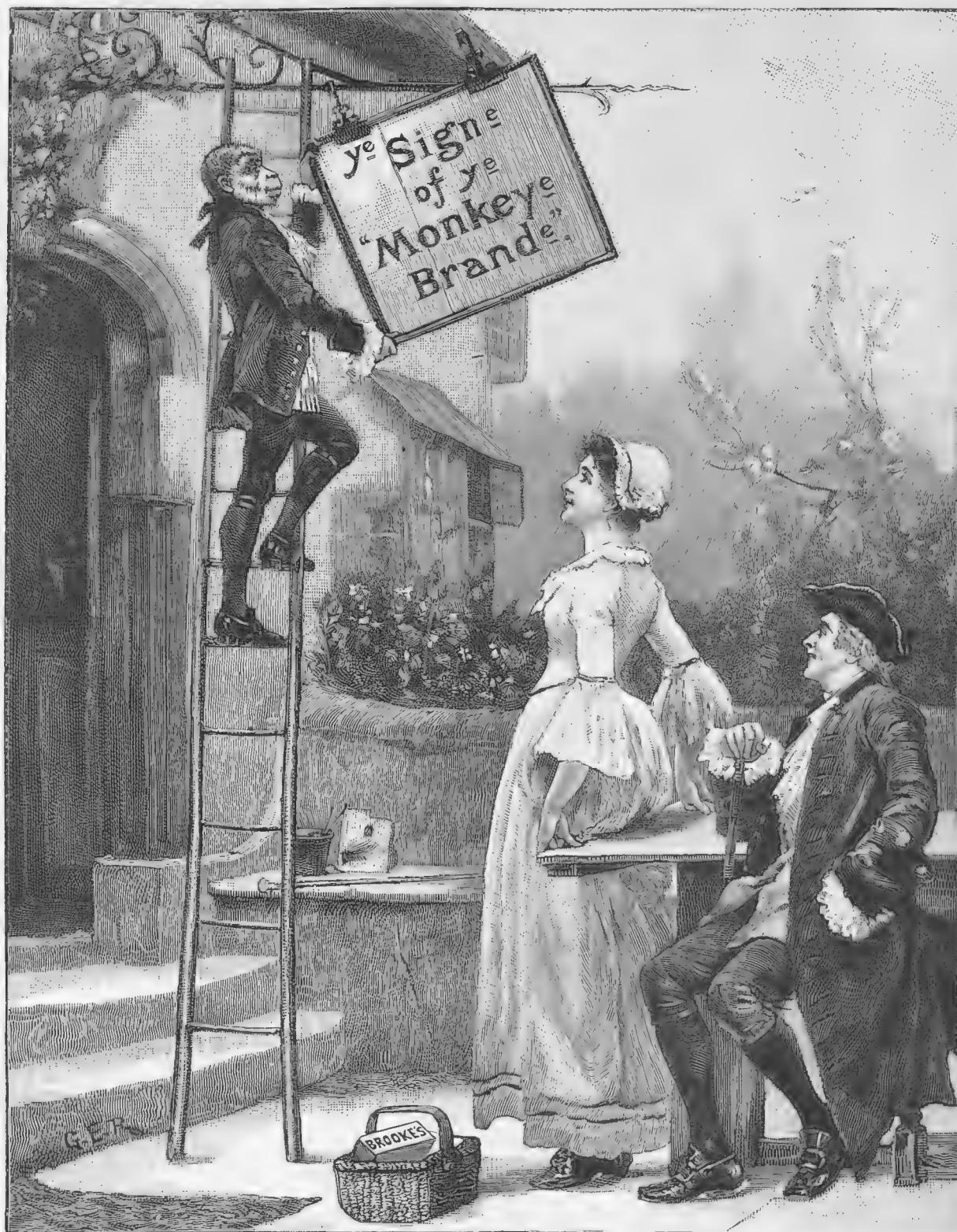
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HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The outbreak of war—or, at least, “military operations,” to use Mr. Gladstone’s famous piece of casuistry—between China and Japan is a sort of letting out of the waters—or may be. Were the Trans-Siberian railway only constructed, and the Russian army supplied with magazine rifles, this might well be the beginning of the Eastern Armageddon, which must come at some time. Meanwhile, however, Russia probably desires to assume the Christian attitude that so well becomes her. Blessed are the peacemakers, especially when they—can appropriate the bone of contention, as Russia is not unlikely to do. Even so did Austria and England absorb Bosnia and Cyprus after the little difficulties between Russia and Turkey.

It is hardly strange, though very ridiculous, that that eminent politician, M. Deloncle (one always wishes to ask *who* his uncle was), has discovered that the whole quarrel in the East is due to the machinations of England. It is our diplomatists and newspapers that have stirred up the fiery Japanese to drop his fan and chrysanthemum for the quick-firing gun and the repeating rifle. The fact that the first act of war has been the sinking by Japanese torpedoes of a British hired transport—under the British flag, it is said—will, of course, be an additional proof; for England, while egging on Japan to acts of violence, has, with truly diabolical craft, secured a *casus belli* as against Japan, should British interests come to lie more on the side of China. Really, the attitude adopted by some Englishmen with regard to Napoleon, and by all Frenchmen with regard to Pitt, during the great wars of the Revolution and Empire, seems the normal habit of the fervid patriots of the Deloncle order.

Russia, meanwhile, attracts the Delayuncular regard and admiration by her moderation and dignity—qualities which are certainly not conspicuously present in her adorer. And Russia returns the compliment by believing—in her journals, at least—that the worthy Deloncle is completely in the right as to the insidious devices of perfidious Albion. An Englishman, in presence of these fervid Franco-Muscovites—frogs *à la Tartare*—is conscious of a wish that now and then, as in the past, the British Government might give these excellent people something to howl for, since howl they must. We are always being credited with wanting to thwart France and Russia and oust them from their colonies, spheres of influence, and other appurtenances. Very well. Let us go and do it for once. Let us make the crime fit the punishment, and then there will be a chance of being treated with ordinary civility in future.

In international matters, as in ordinary social life, the people who are always fussing over imaginary provocations would be the first to collapse before a real assault. If some rampageous swashbuckler comes up to you as you are quietly sitting and tells you to beware of provoking him, for he is a terrible fellow, the natural impulse is to answer his vague threats by a commonplace kick. Russia and France will do such things—what they are we know not yet, nor they—if we take possession of Port Hamilton, say. Let us take possession, and find out what will happen.

Probably the Japs and John Chinamen will make up their strife, more or less on compulsion, before other Powers strike in, and the temperature of the patriot of the Uncle—as perfidious British schoolboys would probably translate him—will fall to its normal boiling-point in presence of ordinary British arrogance. Otherwise, I tremble to think what may be the consequences of Mr. Irving’s personating Napoleon the intellectually great but physically small. Perhaps the Prophet of the Lyceum was merely joking, but if not—well, one never knows how the French will take it. They may think it a fresh insult to the immortal memory of the Corsican, or they may think it a late but sufficient revenge for Waterloo. But for the admirers of Mr. Irving this announcement was one of dread. In “King Arthur” he will, doubtless, make an appropriate Lancelot. That bold, though not strictly moral, knight was, as we know, marred, though goodly; and he was (especially after one of his fits of intermittent insanity) lean and long—in fact, a decidedly Lanky lot, as *Punch* will probably remark. But Napoleon—well, if the great Henry carries out his purpose, we may see such lines as these in some ribald periodical—

There was a great actor named I——g,
Whose legs were fantastic and curving;
His mind was set solely on
Playing Napoleon—
And the critics said, “Poor, but deserving!”

MARMITON.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

One of the most popular owners on the English Turf is Baron de Hirsch, and yet he is the least known to the bulk of racegoers, as his retiring disposition causes him to hide his identity as much as possible. Baron de Hirsch took to the owning of racehorses after his only son, whose colours were often seen on the English Turf, died somewhat suddenly, and the Baron does not race for profit, as all his winnings are divided among the London hospitals. Baron de Hirsch will long be remembered in racing circles for having given such a high price for *La Flèche* at the sale of the royal yearlings. The purchase money—5000 guineas—has, however, been got back with good interest, which speaks volumes for the judgment of Lord Marcus Beresford, who acts as Master of the Horse to the Baron. Even was the disappointment



BARON DE HIRSCH.

in this country when Matchbox failed to capture the Grand Prix. It may, however, be taken for granted that Baron de Hirsch will not let a single defeat stop him in his endeavour to wrest the prize from the Frenchmen, and sooner or later he will, no doubt, have his wish gratified. Baron de Hirsch entertains in princely style in London, Paris, and at his German home. He is very popular in the highest circles in this country. His appearance is truly noble: a very fine moustache, a military figure, with the most perfect-fitting frock-coat, go to make him look what he is—a gentleman.

We have Brighton and Lewes going on this week, and highly enjoyable are race meetings at either place when the Clerk of the Weather favours the Clerk of the Course, but there are few uplands in England where the full effect of a tempestuous afternoon is felt so much as at Lewes. Here the Southdown Club is a great success, exceeding by far the sanguine anticipations of its promoter, the late Mr. Verrall, who, perceiving that at Sandown Park, where a racing club was established for the first time, the idea had “caught on,” instituted the Southdown Club. It became an extremely conservative body, and at one time Sir (then Mr.) Blundell Maple and the late Mr. “Abington” Baird were blackballed, but the *amende honorable* was eventually made.

Lewes is much in front of Brighton in the matter of public comfort, and at the latter place all is old-fashioned and out of date. The stand, to be of much service, should be pulled down and rebuilt, and the abolition of awkward private boxes is certainly to be desired. In the enclosure which does duty for Tattersall’s is a useful wooden erection, from which good views of racing may be obtained; but the Stewards’ Stand would make a useful pigeon-house, and is good for little else. Why a Brighton Racing Club has never been formed, I do not know, but it would certainly be a success if properly engineered.

The Jockey Club have caused dissatisfaction by the way in which they have arranged the fixture list for ’95. I presume it is Mr. Houldsworth who is championing the cause of the Ayr Meeting at the expense of Liverpool and Manchester. It ought to be understood—at least, at racing—that success would command success, and those meetings that paid a good dividend should in all cases receive every encouragement at the hands of the powers that be. If Kempton pays twenty-five per cent., it is because the place is worked on popular lines.

It is often suggested that the wear-and-tear of racegoing is something terrible. As a matter of fact, there are plenty of men who have followed the course regularly for nearly half a century, and are hale and hearty to-day. One or two of the large fish-salesmen in Billingsgate Market are regular racegoers. They always get up at three in the morning, and attend to their business first, and then take train to places like Goodwood, return home directly after the last race, and go early to bed. One familiar object of the paddock is an old gentleman who uses crutches. He has followed the meetings for half a century, and does so with regularity still, despite a chronic attack of gout.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

There are a few women, and only a few, who have the happy knack of stamping their own charming personality upon one and all of their gowns, instead of losing their individuality entirely in various garments which never attain the height of success by becoming a very part of their wearer. It requires a touch of what is, in its way, akin to genius to enable a woman to prevent her dress from becoming a dominant chord, and to keep it instead to a perfectly harmonising accompaniment; but when you do find anyone who has mastered this secret you can always tell her gowns at a glance, and that is why, when in the course of my

wanderings the other day I chanced upon two particularly lovely ones, I decided in a moment that they could only belong to one woman, and that woman Mrs. George Alexander, the wife of that most popular of actor-managers, who has just taken "The Masqueraders" from us till November. Naturally, having discovered two such genuine things of beauty, my one idea was to enable you to participate in my enjoyment of the same; so it comes to pass that — Mrs. Alexander's kind permission having been secured—I can present you this week with sketches of a lovely day dress and an equally lovely evening gown, the special points of which you should read, mark, and learn for future reference on your own account.

The first dress has a perfectly-cut skirt, falling in three great pleats at the back, and quite plain in front, the material of which it is composed being white chiné silk, covered with shadowy clusters of lilac in various delicate tones of mauve and violet. The bodice is of accordion-pleated chiffon in a lovely shade of violet, matching the darkest flowers on the skirt, and just below the waist-line is a tiny draped band of the silk, fastened in front with a diamond buckle, and tying at the back in the smartest of high bows. The silk sleeves are puffed to the elbow, where there is a turned-back cuff of chiffon, covered with very fine real lace, which has mellowed down to a yellowish tone, while the transparent cuffs are formed of tiny puffs of chiffon, interspersed with insertion bands of the same lovely lace. Then there is a little square shoulder-cape of lace, a band of which is also arranged down each side of the bodice in front, and sundry rosettes of chiffon, artfully placed on corsage and sleeves, give a perfect finishing touch to one of the most delightful gowns which anyone could imagine.

But I must not expend all my admiration upon it, for I have still to sing the praises of the evening gown, which, let me tell you, contains a variety of colours, including white, mauve, pink, yellow, and black. Though the combination may sound startling, the effect is altogether harmonious and beautiful, and this is how it is all arranged: the slightly-trained skirt, to begin with, is of white moiré antique, the moiré design being so faint that it is hardly noticeable, and this is patterned with sprays of white roses and great, ragged, single chrysanthemums, in the most tender shades of yellow, mauve, and pink. Black accordion-pleated chiffon over white satin composes the bodice, the fulness being drawn into a waistband of gold and silver passementerie, studded with stones which reproduce the colours of the brocade, while the square décolletage is bordered with cleverly-arranged folds of yellow velvet, through which peep out little touches of pink and mauve velvet. The sleeves—in which the brocade again appears—deserve



a paragraph all to themselves, they are so charming; they are arranged in full puffs at the back, which are caught across to the shorter inner folds by rosettes of velvet in the three colours, the opening just allowing an effective glimpse of a white arm to be displayed, the band which finishes them off at the elbow being entirely of mauve velvet. With such gowns as these, can you wonder that Mrs. Alexander enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in London?

For my part, I shall now say farewell to Dame Fashion for this week, for I am quite certain that she has done her very best for me in introducing me to two such gowns; but she has given me one last message for you which I am in duty bound to deliver, and it is that Madame Yorke, of 51, Conduit Street, is just now catering specially for holiday-makers with some charmingly simple but very smart hats, while she has made a huge success of some linen hats, cool, light, and pretty, which have found favour with the Marchioness of Ormonde, Princess Henry of Pless, and any number of society ladies. These hats are made in blue, pink, holland, white, and brown linen, the broad brims bound with black ribbon, and the high crowns surrounded by a twist of black ribbon, tying at the left side in a bow, through which two black quills are drawn. You can have them trimmed, if you prefer it, with folds and puffs of white chiffon, the price in each case being only twenty-seven shillings. They are wonderfully *chic*, and excellent value for the money.

USEFUL NOVELTIES.

I wonder what will be invented next to make still more pleasant and comfortable the already smooth paths of some of the fortunate people who exist in this nineteenth century of ours? The latest luxurious necessary takes the form of a little cup-shaped dish for poached eggs, the idea being that instead of the egg being served on the toast—which is, consequently, bound to become sodden and unappetising—it should be sent up to table in one of these dainty little dishes, out of which it can be slipped with perfect ease on to the prepared toast. I think you will agree with me that the idea is a splendid one, and if you look at the accompanying illustration you will see how prettily a poached-egg dish has been combined with a toast-rack for the benefit of a solitary breakfaster; while in the other case two eggs are provided for, and a little salt-cellars, glass butter-dish, and a toast-rack are added, the result being as compact, pretty, and useful an article as anyone could desire. It goes without saying that Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, are the manufacturers of this genuine novelty, and the price, too, is another attraction, for, just imagine, the double dish—which, with all its pretty fittings, is carried out in Prince's Plate—is only four pounds,



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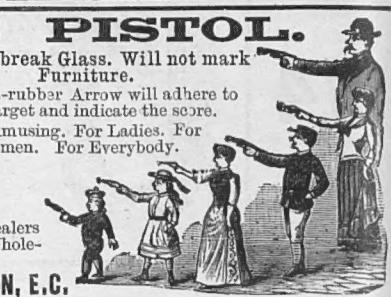
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Preserves, strengthens, beautifies the hair. Beautifully perfumed. A most recherché luxury. Golden colour for fair hair. Bottles 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 equal to 4 small. Ask Chemists for Rowlands', 20, Hatton Garden, London. E.C.

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GREAT SPÉCIALITÉ.

GOLD MEDAL,
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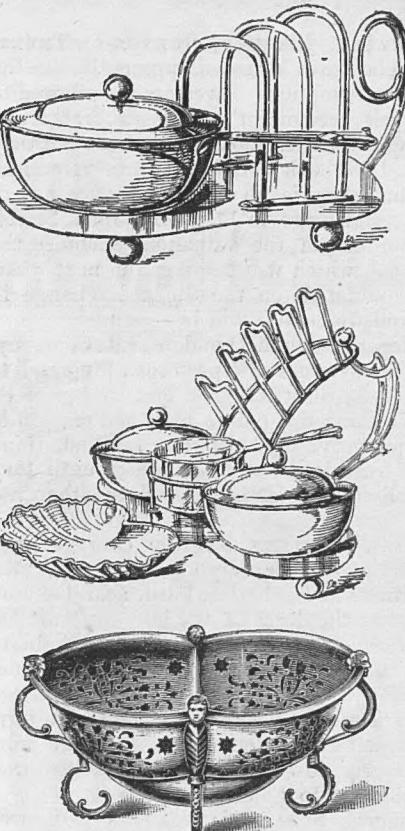


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NECKLETS RANGING IN PRICE FROM 1 TO 50 GUINEAS.

85, NEW BOND ST., W. 248, REGENT ST., W.
43, BURLINGTON ARCADE. And in PARIS.

the single cup-dish and toast-rack being thirty-five shillings. If you want to provide for a larger family, there are round stands with four poached-egg dishes for £4 15s., so you see that, in addition to being extremely desirable articles for your personal acquisition, these new poached-egg dishes will solve for a good many people the vexed question of what they shall present to some prospective bride or bridegroom, and,



USEFUL NOVELTIES.

form of a halfpenny, penny, and twopence-halfpenny stamp, carried out in enamel. Gun-metal is also, I noticed, being utilised for the formation of sovereign, cigarette, and cigar cases, gold monograms being added—when the taste or the purse of the purchaser so orders it—with exceedingly good effect. The long old-fashioned chain purses in gold are coming in again, and they certainly look pretty enough to make up for the trouble involved in getting the desired coin out of its safe hiding-place, though they are never likely to become very popular in the more ordinary and less expensive silk, I fancy, for imagine having to expend such a large and necessary amount of time and trouble in getting at a penny while an irate 'bus conductor waits for his fare!

Now a word to members of the sterner sex as to some most desirable presents for their various feminine relations and friends. Manicure cases, from the simplest to the most elaborate, are provided at prices to suit all purses, and the care of the hands would become a most fascinating and delightful occupation with such dainty little tools to play with; while in the way of card cases the prettiest things I have seen for a long time are some leather ones simply adorned with a silver marguerite, from which five or six leaves are falling down to the bottom of the case, thereby suggesting that the wearer has been playing, in jest or earnest, at the game "He loves me, he loves me not." Nor have the noble army of golfers been forgotten, and enthusiastic followers of the game can present each other with pretty little leather cases bearing on the outside, where all may see, a silver golf ball and stick, while inside there are most businesslike-looking cards—Greek to the uninitiated—where the progress of the game may be recorded, and a slate where future engagements may be booked. And all this complete, with chain and clasp for attaching to the belt, for 17s. 6d! Truly, friendship's offerings can be obtained very cheaply nowadays. Let me advise you, in conclusion, if you are investing in a card or cigarette case, to get one with the new flexible silver binding, which, while it thoroughly protects the edges, is as flexible as the leather itself, and much more comfortable for carrying about. This is another of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's inspirations, which, indeed, seem to be endless, as you will find if you go to 158, Oxford Street, and prove the truth of my recommendations for yourself. You must certainly get one of the new poached-egg dishes, whatever else you manage to do without, for it will enable you to treat your husband, father, or brothers to such an altogether delicious breakfast-dish that it will put them in a good temper for the rest of the day—a most desirable result.

A NEW TOILET PREPARATION.

Everybody seems to be dragging out their existence just now in a state of utter limpness and weariness, and yet this unpleasant feeling can be got rid of to a great extent by the simple addition of a pinch of powder to the daily bath, this powder, at the same time, having a wonderfully good effect upon the skin, which it renders supple, soft, and white. I fancy I hear an eager chorus of voices inquiring as to the name of this

most desirable preparation, for I know—judging by myself—that if you tell a woman anything is good for her skin and her complexion she will not be happy till she has tried it. Why, even Eve is reported to have eaten that fatal apple because the serpent told some plausible tale as to the wonderful effect it would have on her complexion! And all this is not to be wondered at, for a clear, fresh skin goes a very long way towards the making or marring of a pretty woman: so let me tell you that "Cosmosine" is the powder which I refer to, and that it is a new fragrant saline (not a soap), which softens the hardest water, and is invigorating, refreshing, and pleasant at one and the same time, while it also acts as a disinfectant. You will readily see, therefore, that it will be specially valuable during the summer and holiday time, and, as you can get it in boxes at 2s. 6d. from any and every chemist and perfumer, you should pack a box away in your trunk, and then it follows as a matter of course that when you come back you will consider your toilet-table altogether incomplete without "Cosmosine."—FLORENCE.

"LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS"

(SECOND EDITION).

I cannot guess the secret of the success of "Little Christopher Columbus," which on its 280th performance, last week, was treated as a new edition, and received so warmly as to promise another century or more. I am told that it is due to the energetic work of Mr. Lonnen, and, no doubt, his laborious humour pleases a great many people—and wearies me. Mr. Sheridan's exertions as Mrs. Block seem to delight most of the house—I wonder why. Certainly, taste in humours differs wonderfully, for I sat near a little man, who looked of average intelligence, and he went into fits of laughter over a kind of pantomime rally between Messrs. Lonnen and Sheridan that moved me almost to tears. Yet it is not because I am dense to simple humours, for Arthur Roberts sometimes makes me almost ill with merriment.

However, turning to the pleasanter side, I may chronicle the great success of Miss Florence St. John in Miss Yohé's old part. The superiority in singing and acting of the new-comer should greatly aid the piece, though I daresay the Lonnen-Sheridan worshippers will find the restraint of the singer, who might have done wonders for English comic opera, rather tame after Miss Yohé's boisterous method. Miss Geraldine Ulmar is another new-comer, and her presence is a decided gain. The marionette dance is the "hit" of the evening, and in it Miss Mabel Love is very pleasing; moreover, her other dancing sets an example that, unfortunately, the four chief dancers fail to follow. A "Catherine-wheel" is a poor atonement for indifferent dancing. Nevertheless, ending as I began, I must admit that "Little Christopher Columbus" is a big success, and some of the new numbers are decidedly pleasing.

MONOCLE.

ONE WAY OF PAYING SERVANTS.

The servants of doctors in Naples not only get no wages, and have to depend upon the tips they get, but have also to defray certain charges for the lighting of the hall and staircase. Their plight, consequently, seems to be as pitiable as that of those waiters who have to pay for the valuable privilege of being allowed to attend to chance customers' creature comforts. This Neapolitan usage reminds one of what happened to a lady who went to a German watering-place to consult a throat specialist. Tickets, regularly numbered, had to be taken by the patients an hour and a-half or two hours before they could see the great man, and the lady, who did not believe in throwing away money on tips, found that invariably, whether she came early or late, the servant handed her a ticket marked "25" or "36," thus entailing a long and unjustifiable wait. A complaint to the doctor soon rectified the matter; but, plainly, the system was on all fours with that now existent at Naples.

For Brighton Races, to-day and to-morrow, special fast trains will be run from Victoria at 8.25 and 10.5 a.m.; Addison Road, 8.10 a.m.; London Bridge at 8.30, 9.20, and 9.55 a.m. For Lewes Races, on Friday and Saturday, special fast trains will be run from London Bridge at 8.5 and 10.25 a.m., and from Victoria at 8.10 and 10.30 a.m.

COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act, A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Aug. 8, 1894.

Signature

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 3, 1894.

As the Stock Exchange closes to-morrow, I am compelled to write to you a day earlier than usual this week. For all the solid business it has done, the "House" might have been closed most of the week, though the gamble in Allsopps and the making of markets for third and fourth rate debenture issues at monstrous prices have kept some members fairly busy.

The next settlement in Consols begins on the 31st inst. and ends on the 3rd prox., and the next settlement in Miscellaneous Securities begins on the 13th and ends on the 15th inst.

In Home Rails all the "heavies" were strong last night on the declaration of the Great Western dividend at 4½, with £23,000 carried forward.

The other dividends declared since my letter last week include North-Eastern at 5, against 4½ last year; Midland, 4½; Great Northern, 3; North Stafford, 4; South-Western, 4½—all the same as last year—and Metropolitan District, 3½ on the preference stock, being 1 per cent. better than last year. The London and North-Western is not announced yet, but is expected by the market to be 5½.

The glut of money continues, the coin and bullion at the Bank amounting to £35,929,035, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities 66.13 per cent. At the meeting of London banks yesterday, it was decided to reduce to ½ per cent. the allowance on deposits, the London and County being the only dissentient.

Meanwhile, nothing seems to stop the export of gold from America, where an impending monetary crisis casts its ominous shadow before on a "squirming" mass of selfish politicians, senselessly struggling over the schedules of a Tariff Bill. Yesterday afternoon the American market suddenly became firm on very confident rumours that the "sugar" Senators were prepared to come to an arrangement.

The Argentine Great Western scheme, prepared by the committee of debenture-stock holders, is out, and involves the creation of £1,700,000 first debenture stock, with interest at 3 per cent., rising to 4 per cent. next year, and £1,358,250 second 6 per cent. debenture stock.

The Commercial Bank of Australia pays no dividend, carrying forward £10,047 profit.

The United Alkali Company also passes its interim dividend.

In the Miscellaneous market there was a great rally late yesterday in Allsopps, and the market, which has been as low as 95·6, rose to 98½-99, but closed easier at 97-98. Unsophisticated holders have another chance of getting out, and if they will not avail themselves of it they must not complain if the gamble goes against them. "Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers." Nothing can get over the fact that Allsopps was largely over capitalised at the beginning, and that the recent gratifying increase in the sales is admitted by the directors to be largely due to "the policy of increasing trade by acquiring property and advancing money to customers." This may be a necessary policy, but unless carried out with great care and skill it easily degenerates into "greasing the pig with his own fat."

The last meetings of the Industrial and General Trust required to carry through the scheme were held on Tuesday, and now the dividend will be distributed as soon as the sanction of the Court is obtained. Both the shares and debentures are now a firm market.

Some speculation was aroused by the announcement in Tuesday's papers that Messrs. George Richards and Charles Townsend Gedge (of the firm of Dangar, Grant, and Co.), who formed the London Board of the City of Melbourne Bank, Limited, had resigned their seats, and that Mr. Edmund Rouse no longer continued to act as manager of the London office of that bank. No explanation was forthcoming, and the next day's papers announced that Mr. Alexander Johnson, of the head office in Melbourne, was, on June 15, appointed acting manager in London, and had taken over the duties as from July 25; also that Mr. Malleson, of Wadeson and Malleson, had been appointed acting director in London jointly with Mr. Johnson.

There seems some reason for expecting that the war between China and Japan will improve the value of silver by increasing the demand. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." In spite of the statement in to-day's *Times* that the Russian Minister at Shanghai is praising China's moderation, a very strong impression prevails among some who are intimately acquainted with the Corean difficulty, and have long resided in that curious land, that the present struggle has really arisen through a secret alliance between Russia and Japan, and that China is receiving great encouragement from both England and Germany. We do not vouch for this information, but it is firmly believed by many shrewd observers on the spot who have been expecting the present war for years. An *entente cordiale* between England, Germany, and China, as regards our Eastern possessions and interests, would do even more than Ladas for Lord Rosebery's Government.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND SECURITIES INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—The Law Debenture Corporation, Limited, offer at

97 per cent. £250,000 4 per cent. Prior Lien debentures of this corporation, secured by a specific first mortgage to trustees of (1) the uncalled capital, amounting to over half a million; (2) Winchester House and other specific investments, valued by Turquand, Youngs, and Co. at over £800,000. There is also a floating charge on the other assets. The debentures are repayable at par in five years or earlier by drawings. There is so much prejudice against the corporation that we are really surprised to hear the issue was taken up so quickly, though the security is manifestly absolute.

THOMAS ROBINSON AND COMPANY, LIMITED, BURTON-ON-TRENT, offer at par £250,000 4½ per cent. debentures, intended, apparently, like the produce of the concern, for local consumption. Investors are allowed to inspect copies of the agreement for sale, accountant's certificate, draft trust-deed, memorandum and articles, besides a schedule of properties; but they must go to 14, North John Street, Liverpool, to do so. Three valuations are mentioned in the prospectus, but there is no offer to produce any of them, even to those who make a pilgrimage to 14, North John Street, Liverpool. It seems, however, that one of the valuations includes the plant used at a brewery in Liverpool, which will be given up next year. "Application will be made for a quotation on the Stock Exchange in respect of the debenture stock," and we hope it will be—refused.

W. J. ROGERS, LIMITED, offer, through the London Trust Company, £70,000 5 per cent. debentures at a premium of 5 per cent., proposed to be secured, as usual, by a trust-deed, constituting a first mortgage on a brewery and public-houses. We think the public have had enough of these sort of debentures, and, apparently, W. J. Rogers, Limited, think so too, and will not prepare the "trust-deed" and debentures until they find they are wanted. Anyhow, there is no offer to produce either, nor even the drafts thereof.

THE TOTNES SLATE QUARRIES, LIMITED, has the courage once more to trot out that rather elderly and never very attractive nag, "the valuable slate slab and quarries situate at Harberton Ford, near Totnes." The prospectus states that, "owing to the death of the late owner, it has been decided to continue their working by means of a limited liability company"; but surely these were the quarries which came to grief under the title of the "Englebourne Slate Quarries, Limited," some fifteen years ago or more. The property is said to be held on lease for a term of twenty-one years, but the prospectus is silent as to the date from which the term runs. The company now offers £10,000 debentures, and we strongly advise the public not to touch one of them.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY offers £500,000 (out of £800,000) 3½ per cent. debenture stock, appropriately, but not excessively, secured by a "floating" charge on the company's undertakings. The company's fleet and other assets are said to amount in value to upwards of £3,191,000, but there seems nothing to prevent the company selling or mortgaging any portion of these large assets.

THE EXETER, TEIGN VALLEY, AND CHAGFORD RAILWAY COMPANY has a capital of £240,000 in 24,000 £10 shares, and borrowing power to the extent of £80,000 more. It is formed to make a railway between Exeter and Chagford, running up the lovely Teign valley—a project that, to our personal knowledge, has been advocated for at least thirty years. If at length successfully carried out, it will be a useful feeder for the Great Western Railway, which will work in perpetuity for 50 per cent. of the gross profits of the best eight miles. We suppose it will ruin the romantic beauty of a singularly lovely valley and stream: we hope it will not equally ruin the shareholders. The promoters might, at least, learn how to spell correctly Fingle Bridge.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.